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## CURRENT COMMENT.

THE four-Power treaty has been ratified; and now the Powers concerned may proceed to do precisely what they would do if it had not been ratified.

HARDLY a month passes now, but we learn something new about the secret treaties that were put into effect after the armistice, and sanctioned by the treaty of Versailles. In 1916 the French Government, under M. Briand, made up its mind to negotiate with Russia for a division of the spoils in case of a victory for the Entente. Naturally, France would claim Alsace and Lorraine; but there was some doubt whether the frontier-lines would include the Saar valley. According to a work recently published by Commandant Mermeix called "Le Combat des Trois," M. Briand determined that an independent German State of the Rhineland should be set up, and that Alsace and Lorraine should have the frontiers of 1792. In the secret treaties published by the Soviet Government, we learned of the Doumergue mission to Russia, and found that the French plenipotentiary's demands received the sanction of the Tsar's Government; also that in return for Russia's assistance in the matter of taking German territory in the West, the French Government should permit Russia to take German and Austrian territory in the East. France and Russia agreed in secret to these terms. Now we learn that their guileless ally, Britain, was never officially informed that the French desired more of German territory than the Alsace-Lorraine of 1871. France, obviously, knew that the arrangement she had made with Russia for the division of German territory could not then have had Great Britain's approval.

WELL, then, to come a bit nearer home, what is there in the four-Power treaty to preclude the possibility of any two of the signatories entering in similar fashion into secret negotiations for an advantage inimical to the interests of the other two Powers? If, during a great war, two members of the Entente could take such risks—and it is undeniable that they were large risks—what, we ask, is there in the four-Power treaty, made by men of the same old school, promulgating the same old imperialist ideas, contemplating the same old loot—what is there in it to prevent any two or three of the members making secret treaties of the same old character in the same old way? Nothing in the world. The obligatory provision for the calling of a conference is no more effective against it than mosquito-netting against a rifle-ball.

SOCRATES said that suspicion is not good for the soul, and we agree with him, but in matters of this kind a little suspicion is a necessary evil, or as the Archbishop of Canterbury said on a famous occasion, "a regrettable necessity." Furthermore, when we learn that Belgium was also drawn into this secret negotiation for the apportionment of the German frontiers, we feel an especial uncertainty about the footing of the United States upon the diplomatic pedestal. Who would have thought that Belgium, the small nation for the protection of whose rights we laid down our lives, should, in 1916, scarcely two short years after the wicked Germans invaded her territory, consent to the Franco-Russian pact on the understanding that in the event of a victory, she should be allowed to annex Luxembourg, under reserve of a favourable plebiscite? If Belgium could so soon fall from the grace of enlightened liberalism, we scarcely dare predict what might happen to America under the four-Power treaty. Just think, moreover, that ex-President Wilson, Colonel House and their whole innumerable caravan, set sail for Paris with nearly all the Fourteen Points agreed upon by friend and foe, blissfully unaware of the terms of any secret treaty drawn up before the war or during the war! Why, if one believed it, this in itself is enough to lodge suspicion in the mind of a Peruvian mummy.

IN our judgment, the political residuary legatees of Mr. Lloyd George had better not exhibit any indecent haste about telephoning the undertaker. His Government has survived hitherto, by no means on its merits, but on the notable lack of any effective competition. Some say that he is politically dead, but we doubt it; at least, like the Irishman's snake, he may be dead, but he "isn't sissible of it." He is evidently preparing to go through a series of extremely energetic motions at Genoa, and the chances are that before he gets through, he will have convinced all the brethren who are hankering for tidings of his demise, that he is an uncommonly lively corpse.

THE first move in his little game was made 22 March, in an article contributed to the London *Daily Chronicle* by Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, who is, for the occasion at least, quite obviously Mr. George's spokesman. The article lays down the necessity of European economic unity and political reconciliation all round. Germany and Russia must be brought into the Genoa conference on terms of equality. The relations among the States of Europe can be no longer those of master and servant, but must be those of friends. If it be objected that in the case of Russia, this amounts to shaking hands with murder, "then abroad we ought to cease trading with cannibals, and at home no one ought to sell anything except on the production of a certificate showing that the purchaser has been vaccinated, confirmed and has sound views on the schedule of fundamental verities. How anyone who supports the Irish settlement can object to shaking hands with Lenin . . . passes comprehension." Just so. It is a wonderful thing, and a mighty amusing thing, to see what a first-class saint the devil can become, under the chastening influence of a good sharp fit of sickness!

THEN within a week of Mr. Sidebotham's article, comes a White Paper published by the British Government. It is a memorandum purporting to date 25 March, 1919, and to have been circulated by Mr. George among the members of the Paris peace-conference. This may be the actual

date and history of the document, but even if political exigencies have caused Mr. George to foreshorten somewhat the date and circumstances, probably no one will give him away. In this memorandum Mr. George urges great leniency towards Germany and complacency towards Russia, and makes many prophetic observations which impress one as remarkably accurate, seeing that they were made so long ago. The memorandum, if one takes it at its face value, clearly shows that Mr. Lloyd George has been of the same mind all along, and that his little apparent divagations like "hanging the Kaiser" and "making Germany pay," have been merely a justifiable concession to public opinion, and as such really mark him as a genuine, all-wool, eighteen-carat, stem-winding, self-cocking proponent of the Higher Consistency; and the electorate will please take notice accordingly.

It is one of the most laughable pieces of impudence that was ever perpetrated and somehow we just knew it was coming. We do not like to crowd the mourners with praise of our own perspicacity, but Brother George is so uncommonly shifty a person that one earns the right to plume oneself a little when one succeeds in guessing what he will do next. If our readers will turn to our issue of 1 March, they will find there our prediction that Mr. George would do just what he now seems sure to do. It is dollars to kronen that he will go to Genoa, gather the boys about him, and say, "Gentlemen, the jig is up. The old game is played out, and if you want to learn the new one, I am here to teach you." As far as his old diplomatic associates are concerned, and the British electorate as well, we verily believe he will get away with it, and come home the greatest man in the world, with a brand-new monopoly-hold on "the moral consciousness of mankind." The only trouble will be to keep the Russians from speaking out in meeting, and the Germans from a noisy and indecorous pressing of their advantage. We confess that we do not see how he can do this, but perhaps he does.

MIRACLES are still, we suppose, as possible as they were in biblical times; but they rarely happen. That is why we do not expect that the provisional terms agreed upon at the Near East conference as a basis for the revision of the treaty of Sèvres will lead to any permanent settlement of the muddle created by that treaty in the old Turkish Empire. There are two reasons for our scepticism: first, if any of the innumerable conferences which the Allied Governments have substituted for a working economic arrangement in Europe during the past three years, has ever settled anything in a practical, workable way, we have yet to hear of it; second, there are so many conflicting interests involved in the settlement of the Near East question, that it seems most unlikely that the proposals of the Foreign Ministers will satisfy all of them, at least for any considerable length of time.

THE terms proposed by the Near East conference appear to represent the desires of the British Government, as set forth in Lord Curzon's recent memorandum to the Turkish Foreign Minister. Lord Curzon, it will be remembered, proposed, after the manner of imperialists, to settle the Near East problem by being generous at other people's expense. He proposed that the Turks be satisfied with the evacuation of Anatolia by the Greeks, whom in turn he proposed to placate at the expense of the Turks by giving them a further slice of Thrace. This is precisely what the Foreign Ministers have set forth as the basis for revision of the treaty of Sèvres, along with the stipulation that the Straits are to be neutralized, and the further provision that Constantinople and all of Thrace that is not handed over to the Greeks, are to remain under the sovereignty of the Sultan. It is not made clear whether or not this means that the Allies will evacuate Constantinople; therefore it seems reasonably safe to assume that it does not.

THE terms of this agreement should appeal strongly to British imperialist sentiment; they may even suit the

French and Italian Governments, though one sees no particular reason why they should; but one wonders whether or not the Turks will be quite satisfied with a settlement which lops off one side of their territory in order to restore the other. We are inclined to doubt it; the more especially since this settlement would deprive them of Adrianople, which is one of the holy places of the Mohammedan faith. The Near East conference may, as the correspondents declare, have taken an important first step towards settling the problem of the Near East; but we should not be surprised if it should need to be retraced before long. A real first step towards settlement—if anyone concerned really wants one—would be, we think, for the Allies to move out, bag and baggage, and give the natives a chance at self-determination. They might not settle the question any too wisely, but we are willing to wager a good deal that they would settle it as well for themselves as the Allies are likely ever to settle it for them.

As we have often pointed out, the pirate gangs who constitute the Governments of this and other happy lands, have a sense of honesty in money matters which we believe the greatest rascal who ever sailed under the Jolly Roger would consider defective. Take the British Government as a case in point—though other notorious examples will readily occur to the mind of any intelligent taxpayer—a few days ago its spokesman in the House of Lords admitted that since February, 1919, His Majesty's Government had paid in subsidies to the King of the Hedjaz £1,200,000 and to the Sultan of Nejd £232,000. It is interesting to note that this same Government is now considering certain reductions amounting to £18,000,000 (over thirty per cent of the total) in the cost of the already impoverished English school-system. A contemplation of these figures reveals the truth of the great new principle of government: where your oil is there will your cash be also.

Now that the Reparations Commission has done its worst in the matter of the German indemnity, with a list of demands upon the German Government which sent the mark plunging to a new low level of 29½ one-hundredths of a cent, we should like to call attention to a recent dispatch from Paris which seems rather interesting in this connexion. This dispatch announced that two industrial fairs were being held in Europe, one at Lyons and the other at Leipzig; and that Leipzig was underselling Lyons by fifteen per cent. Here is a pretty fair concrete example of the sort of thing the indemnity is doing to industry in the Allied countries. Who can wonder that Germany is rapidly regaining her old position in the world's commerce? The wonder would be if she did not; for the Allies, having fought a costly war to ruin her trade, are now dumping the commerce of the world into her lap. Is it surprising that Mr. Lloyd George is now announcing that the waraims of the Allies will have been defeated unless there is a speedy readjustment of the European economic situation?

THE business men of America are warned that the Germans are aiming the guns of commerce once more at the world. M. de la Jarrie, director of the Bureau of French Colonial Information, is the author of this warning, and he seems to be in a position to know what he is talking about. In an address given at the French Institute here he said: "Not only France, Great Britain, perhaps Japan, are menaced by the return of German trade, but the United States as well. Germany's intelligent and adroit salesmen are swarming once more over the whole world. They come in great numbers to these Pacific possessions, not at first to sell, but to study minutely and carefully the merchandise of other countries, the tastes and fashions of the inhabitants, taking back with them samples of every kind of goods and commodities. In six months they are back again, with the same wares to sell, but at prices much below the market quotations. These agents are ready to give any amount of credit, running from four and six months to a year. They are recapturing

commerce. In one or two years we shall find that they have spread over the entire globe, to the detriment of the other nations."

WELL, what is to be done about it? The regular thing, probably, under the circumstances, would be to advocate another war. The trouble about that, though, is that the last war, which was engineered chiefly for the purpose of putting a stop to Germany's commercial development, ended disastrously for those who could compete neither with her skill nor with her scientific methods of meeting the needs of consumers in different parts of the world. As a means of crushing a commercial competitor, the war turned out to be the biggest fizzle ever known. To make a bad matter worse, moreover, the terms of the peace undoubtedly made Germany able to undercut all her competitors in the world's markets. Indeed, the very things in Germany's recent commercial development that M. de la Jarrie complains of, are chiefly attributable to the impositions and indemnities laid on German production by the Allies who had found the development of her trade and commerce so formidable that they tried in desperation to check her progress by war. It is all very fine and handsome to pay compliments to the Germans as good traders, for no doubt they are, but those who complain of their encroachments ought to understand by this time where most of the blame lies.

WHAT, exactly, is the content of the secret treaty or treaties between France and Poland? In a recent issue of *Le Progrès Civique* of Paris, M. Aimé Berthod asks this question, and then goes as far towards answering it as anyone will go, probably, this side of the next war. It appears that in telegrams recently exchanged between the Polish Chief of State and the President of the French Republic, both these gentlemen alluded to an existing alliance between the two countries. In the French Parliament, no treaty of alliance has come up for discussion; but then the Constitution does not require any little formality of this sort. At Washington, M. Briand insisted on balancing the forces of France against those of Russia, as well as those of Germany, although the frontier of the Vistula has not hitherto been so sacred to France as the frontier of the Rhine. Again, when negotiations were pending recently between England and France, the critical point was, apparently, the refusal of the British to accept the obligation to defend Polish territory.

M. BERTHOD is not backward about skimming off the inferences which float to the top of this slough of circumstances. He fulminates against secret treaties in general, and expresses the fear that the establishment of the Franco-Polish accord is, among all the diplomatic events of these troubled weeks, the most important, and the most heavily charged with obscure menace for France. But, he says, "I do not speak of the commercial conventions. It is said that these agreements are of advantage to both countries; let us take this for granted." To this last suggestion, our reply is, let us take nothing for granted; let us rather examine and meditate upon the content of these commercial agreements, in so far as it is revealed in the published summaries. According to the report issued by the Polish Information Bureau in New York City, the agreements are three in number. "The first pertains to the property rights of individuals; the second to Polish oil-concessions [we would give a good deal to know a few specific facts]; and the third to commercial transactions. . . . France obtained under the terms of the treaty the 'most favoured nation' clause and special tariff-concessions. On some of the French exports to Poland the reductions will amount to fifty per cent. . . . In return, some Polish exports to France, such as grain-products, oil, etc., will have preferential tariff-rates." Are these treaties, then, of advantage to both "France" and "Poland"—of advantage, that is, to the French and Polish people? Is M. Berthod right? Or are we right, when we say that these economic arrangements, with their concessions and their special privileges, are the

very foundation of the secret alliances which M. Berthod abhors, and the most potent cause of the wars which he holds in dread?

IN "Erewhon" Samuel Butler portrayed a society that had achieved a measure of freedom and graciousness by smashing all its machines. The rapid invasion of radio is giving new significance to his fantastic tale. We are informed that one may purchase a radio set for a few dollars, hitch it to the battery of one's flivver, and distinctly hear London, Paris and Berlin, to say nothing of Newark and Arlington, screaming their various propaganda across the ether. This new mechanism, it would seem, opens to us a life of endless and appalling horrors. One enters what appears to be an innocent and quiet restaurant, and suddenly at one's ear a tube in the wall begins to emit vapid arguments for a new alliance with some group of international yeggmen, the adoption of the goose-step in common-school curricula, the invasion of Patagonia, the abolition of tobacco, the necessity for a consortium-government for the city of New York, run by altruistic bankers, a proposal for a national bonus of ten billions for railway-magnates and shipowners, or some other enormity. Probably a big factor in the ability of the Russian people to throw off the Tsarist tyranny, was that over four-fifths of them were insulated by illiteracy from the steady current of flim-flam, buncombe, misrepresentation and mendacity that emanates from political government and privilege everywhere. Radio overcomes this insulation, and even illiteracy and physical remoteness no longer protect one. The time is at hand when the most ignorant and isolated peasant will be supplied with as much misinformation on political and economic matters as the ardent reader of the city newspapers.

IF we were engaged in the collection of source-materials for a new history of our own time, we should certainly give a place of honour to a bill which has recently been spread upon the minutes of the legislature at Albany. This document is a splendid caricature of puritanism, and like all great revelations of this sort, it is the work of people who do not see the joke. The framers of the bill are out to reform the art of dancing, by making it unlawful to cut any capers which have been condemned by the American National Association of Masters of Dancing. For the guardianship of virtue, as professionally defined, the legislature is asked to create a "public amusement commission" which will command the services of inspectors whose character and attainments have been approved by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the female fraternities of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish churches. Finally, the reformers present a set of exact specifications for the "holds" and "steps" permitted, with annexed diagrams illustrative of the approved degree of intimacy, and a scale of time-measures which runs as follows: "Waltz, 48; two-step, 54; one-step, 66; foxtrot, 43." From all this, we gather the assurance that we shall not have to wait for ever for the termination of the puritan phantasmagoria. We are so confident of this that we would say to the actors, Lay on, friends, lay on the slap-stick with good will; and some day, perhaps, the audience will see you for exactly what you are.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### THE REVOLT OF THE BANKERS.

THIS paper has several times thought fit to draw the attention of its readers to the monthly bulletin published by the National City Bank, as a publication of value to all sorts and conditions of business men. Its writers, as a rule, deal with financial and commercial problems in a highly competent way, and with such simplicity and directness as to give the busiest of men a good general outline of the country's economic life. The bulletin might be read with profit, too, as no doubt it is, by economists in our schools and universities, for the sake of the faithful report of European conditions which one usually finds there. In the issue for March one finds a contribution which is particularly valuable for its report of certain speeches recently made by the chairmen of the three chief British banks. We are glad to lift some of these observations, partly for the sake of the corroboration given to views that this paper has held from the beginning, and partly to show the advantage enjoyed by the British banker over his American brother, in being under no illusions about the causes of the present commercial stagnation and financial chaos.

Mr. A. A. G. Tulloch of the Liverpool and Manchester District Banking Company, tells his stockholders that "we have to realize that the laws of economics are immutable," and that it is absurd to expect stabilization and a resumption of commercial progress, as long as the nations are not in a position to deal freely in the world's markets. This is a truth of the first magnitude; one hopes that it may some day penetrate the Laurentian intellect of the Administration. With regard to the immediate obstacle in the path of reconstruction, Mr. Tulloch says:

Reparations, where reparations are called for, there must be, within the limits which are reasonably possible, but a condition precedent to reparation is economic reconstruction; and until Central Europe is placed on a basis infinitely sounder than that which exists to-day, it is idle to talk of reparations, idle to suppose that claims which we believe to be reasonable can be met, at all events met in full.

This is straight and to the point, and without doubt, his stockholders, in thinking it over, came to a mournful agreement with his sentiments.

The chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Mr. Reginald McKenna, in addressing the annual meeting of his stockholders, used an apt illustration to show how far-reaching is the effect of an artificial restriction upon the interchange of commodities. He said:

One nation, and still more a large group of nations, can not be broken up and impoverished so as to destroy its ability to function, without throwing the entire machine out of gear. If Russia fails to buy tea in China or India, our Eastern market for cottons is narrowed, the United States sells less raw cotton to us, and our shipping, banking, and insurance business is impaired. Illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely, showing how the trade of each country is linked up with that of the whole world. Our own trade can not recover its pre-war activity whilst so many countries continue in their present broken-down condition; and though our plans to foster our export-trade by the grant of special credit-facilities may be a temporary palliative, the only lasting solution of the problem is by the re-establishment of genuine peace and an ordered system of government throughout Europe.

The illustration here given by Mr. McKenna should be urged resolutely by American bankers upon the attention of Mr. Hughes, who seems to be under the impression that it is our mission to lecture Russia on her political shortcomings rather than to assist her in

such a way that the United States may be able to sell more cotton to Great Britain. Whether our State Department likes it or not, we can not long pursue the policy of non-intercourse and non-recognition without ourselves suffering more injury from that policy than we inflict upon Russia by means of it.

The chairman of Barclay's Bank, Mr. F. C. Goode-nough, came before his stockholders with a speech which reads like a lecture on the elements of political economy. We regret that we have not space to quote all the good things, the salutary and incontrovertible things, that he said. We must, however, be content to lift only the following:

... the fundamental fact, that a lack of purchasing-power on the part of one important section of the world's population reacts upon and is reflected in the purchasing-power of the world as a whole. It is no longer possible to separate the world of industry into compartments, and to expect that there can be prosperity in one direction whilst there is poverty in another. . . . The theory of self-determination, however necessary or desirable it may have been as a political ideal, has served to raise trade-barriers. These tariff-walls must be broken down, and trade, like a stream, will then gravitate to the old and well-worn channels which are the most natural, and have proved to be the most beneficial.

His observations on the payment of reparations to the Allies are so weighty as to assure us that no apology is needed for the length of the quotation:

Under the terms of the treaty, payment is required to be made in gold; but Germany has at present only a comparatively small stock of gold—with which she may perhaps be able some day to start to reform her currency—and the whole stock of gold in the world would not suffice to enable Germany to make her payments in gold, even if she should possess it. She must, therefore, import raw materials; and, in order to pay for them, must export her manufactures. This is a first charge on her exports. Then she must sell still more goods abroad, and render other services so that she may buy gold, or its equivalent in value, in order to make reparation-payments.

The question must, of course, arise whether the world can absorb so large a quantity of goods as will have to be sold in order to realize the amount that is required as quickly as it is at present proposed; or at all events, whether it can do so without dislocation to trade and, consequently, injury to itself.

The problem of reparation-payments turns, therefore, not only upon the ability of Germany to pay, but also upon the world's ability to receive payment according to the plan as it now stands.

These excerpts from the speeches of the chairmen of great British banks are an indication of the profound dissatisfaction with the policies of the Government and its allies which rules in British banking-circles. A person acquainted with European affairs can easily read between the lines, and understand that British bankers are pretty sick of the whole business of imperialism and are acutely aware that in the long run it costs vastly more than it is worth. When American bankers acquire a similarly intelligent dissatisfaction with the policies of the United States Government, and a similar courage in speaking their mind about them, we shall not have to wait long for the day when commerce, finance and access to the world's markets shall be free with a freedom that is freedom indeed.

### THE NEW LEISURED CLASS.

By all appearances, we are rapidly approaching the time when the "leisured class" that waxed fat on rent and interest will become the helots of the bureaucratic class; if, indeed, we be not there already. If so, the old theory of the leisured class will soon be on its way to limbo, and with it will go innumerable theories and ideas such as the idea of the exploitation of producers

by landlords, or the socialist's theory of the exploitation of the labourer by the capitalist class. The private appropriation of rent and the ownership of the tools of production, have done long service to the revolutionary tendencies of the individualist and socialist, but all without making any considerable dent in the existing economic system. The unequal distribution of wealth has not been checked; the leisured class has diligently gone on owning and exploiting; the producing class, which includes labour and capital, has diligently gone on being exploited. But now there seems every possibility of a new, large element, a distinct class, coming in with a view to a most rapacious exploitation of both the leisured class and the producing class, and possessed of unlimited powers of exploitation.

In short, it appears that the producers and the leisured class have entered upon a fierce struggle for existence with officeholders; and the former do not stand the ghost of a show, for all the weapons are in the hands of the latter, except the irresistible weapon of the boycott, which the former have neither the sense to understand nor the courage to use. Indeed, the producers and the leisured class are devoid even of a sense of protest, for the laws made by the officeholders do not permit protest. The Darwinian notion of the survival of the fittest seems in for profound disparagement, for the fitness of the fittest is being speedily nullified. The law of the jungle has been superseded, and the law of the bureaucratic parasite is in a way to rule every activity of life. How long a time it seems since the day of Herbert Spencer, a solitary voice crying in the wilderness of economic heresy! how long a time it seems since he told us what we were in for! Few paid any attention to him. He was a high-brow, a philosopher, an impractical person; devoid of business experience, a calamity-howler, an alarmist, he put incendiary notions into the heads of ignorant men, and tended to make them dissatisfied with that station in life unto which it had pleased God to call them. Indeed it might be said that in "Social Statics" and "Man Versus the State," Spencer was something dangerously and reprehensibly akin to a bolshevik. He was agin the Government. Well, but for all that, here we are, just where he said we would be! The State has just about absorbed the man. The officeholders have become all-powerful, and the producers—labour and capital—and the leisured class alike, stand before their indiscriminate voracity, helpless and appalled, like a litter of guinea-pigs before a python.

The new leisured class, the bureaucracy, has an immense fecundity. It multiplies its kind like rabbits, nay, like shad, like house-flies. Nothing, moreover, stimulates this reproductive power like a state of war. Most of us remember Washington a dozen years ago; many of us remember it in the days of the famous "billion-dollar Congress." Think of it now! No, there is nothing like a war for making a bureaucracy truly prolific, for multiplying departments of the State, and making a horde of officeholders thrive where a handful thrrove before. In France, according to a current newspaper-item, one person out of every forty in the population is an officeholder! Every item of paternalistic legislation foisted upon a country by officeholders—prohibition, housing-laws, labour-laws, laws providing for this or that commission, this or that board or bureau or conference—every such item means a new litter of officials, inspectors and what not; and a consequent new creation of vested interest in officeholding, and a new lot of insatiable mouths set sucking at the veins of the producing class and the leisured class.

The officeholder, moreover, unfortunately has not,

as far as we can see, a single quality to justify his parasitism. The leisured class that battened on rent and interest had, by and large, some virtues, some sense of obligation, often imperfectly and capriciously expressed, no doubt, but present and active. Its members played a more or less beneficent part in the communal life; a part which, at any rate, was meant to be beneficent. They maintained a kind of official interest, sometimes a genuine and fruitful interest, in the things of the spirit, in literature, art and science. As a whole, the leisured class had some culture, and there is no doubt that under the existing economic system, culture was almost wholly dependent upon the leisured class for such promotion as it got. The leisured class, too, was useful for the service—too little recognized or appreciated—of setting a standard of social life and manners which was for the most part agreeable and becoming. Of the new leisured class, however, nothing of the sort can be said. It is notably characterized by ignorance, stupidity and venality. Its activities benefit no one but itself. It cares nothing for culture. As for manners, it seems to have been born with a genius for offence. If it is possible to do a thing either civilly or rudely, the officeholder may be depended on to do it rudely. As far as one can see, in short, the officeholding class is devoid of any sense of responsibility to anything but its own maintenance in place and power.

As a result of the officeholder's pernicious activity, industry has everywhere to-day become largely a routine matter of cutting losses, reducing staffs and closing plants. Great numbers of producers the world over, have lost interest in the business of production. Many of them freely say that they have decided to work no longer for the benefit of government; they are tired of sweating out the wherewithal to feed officeholders; and they have shut up shop, taken out what fragments of their capital they could salvage, and retired. As for the leisured class, there is precious little left of it, and what is left is in an immediate way to be less. Perhaps, after all, the extinction of the producer and the leisured class is, from their own point of view, not greatly to be dreaded or deplored. The officeholders have, as the slang of the ring-side goes, "got them where they want them," but what of it? True, they might rebel, but they will not, because there are laws against rebellion, and we must all respect these laws because officeholders have made them, and because the Bar Association frowns on disrespect for law, and so does Mr. Root. So there seems really nothing for the producer of wealth—the labourer and the capitalist—and the leisured class as well, but to face extinction; and again what of it? Extinction is preferable, anything is preferable, to the continuance of a condition in which the producer is the helot of the officeholder, the servile creature of a dominant State.

#### LETTERS FROM GROSVENOR SQUARE.

A PRESS eager for non-controversial topics has been devoting considerable attention to reports of a plesiosaurian monster wandering about the swamps of Patagonia, and an expedition is being projected to capture this survival and hale him before an attentive civilization. Yet he is scarcely more of an anachronism than his more numerous and costly fellow that we call the ambassador. Just as the hardening of the earth's surface and the progression of swifter, cleverer creatures left the heavy-footed scaled mammoths hopelessly behind, so modern facilities for instantaneous long-distance communication and quick travel have

left the ambassador without an excuse for being. The State Department, for instance, could without any loss of understanding or expedition, now transact its business directly with the British Foreign Office by cable and wireless, without maintaining as go-between an expensive nincompoop in Grosvenor Square.

The ambassador, bereft of serviceable function, has inevitably degenerated. On occasion, in former days, the American Government has been represented at various European capitals by men of resource and dignity. To a mere transmitter of messages, such qualities are not appropriate. Under normal modern conditions an ambassador emerges from obscurity only when, in a moment of post-prandial exuberance, he utters some particularly striking inanity. When the war-emergency temporarily brought some of our inconspicuous representatives to public attention, the deterioration was fully revealed. It seemed a long way indeed from Franklin, the Adamses, Jay, Jefferson, Buchanan, Lowell and Choate, to Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Mr. David R. Francis, Mr. Henry Van Dyke and the late Walter Hines Page.

Mr. Wilson displayed almost unerring judgment in his selection of ambassadors. He had a rare aptitude for collecting intellectual plesiosaurians, and in his diplomatic selections he gave this aptitude free rein. His appointment for Great Britain, as the Page correspondence now running in the *World's Work* indicates, was a stroke of positive genius. Mr. Page, judging by his letters, knew nothing of European politics. He was innocent of all essential knowledge of European history for the past few decades, so that the significance of the inevitable conflict was entirely lost to him. On the other hand, he seems to have been possessed of an awesome regard for titles, both official and hereditary; and finally, nature had endowed him with the persistent credulity of a two-year-old child.

The ambassadorial view of the causes of the war, as set forth in his advices to his superiors, was charmingly romantic and simple. The debacle was the product of the Napoleonic tradition of conquest, reincarnate in the Kaiser. "The President," he wrote in 1915, "started out with the idea that it was a war brought about by many obscure causes, economic and the like, and he thus missed its whole meaning. . . . Thus we have failed to render help on the side of Liberalism and Democracy, which are at stake in the world." In his letters to Colonel House and to the President, he never wearied of reiterating this contrast between the black aims of the benighted Hun, "the sauerkraut caste," and the glorious altruism of the Anglo-Saxon saviours who had answered the cry of throttled Belgium. On the one side was autocracy, on the other democracy, humanity, brotherhood; on the one, conquest by brute force, on the other a determination "to lay the foundations of a future in which peace, democracy and international justice should be the directing ideas of human society." With this simple alternative fixed in his mind it is little wonder that the worthy ambassador scoffed at President Wilson's early admonition to be "neutral in thought and deed." "We did pretty well at that Battle of the Marne," he exclaimed at the embassy, after the first fight of that name. And later, in the course of a eulogy of the British, addressed to Colonel House, he interjected: "Thank heaven, I am of their race and blood!"

Thus Mr. Page made it plain to the President and to the State Department that he had no sympathy with their attempts to get the British Government to accept the Declaration of London of 1909 as a basis for

dealing with neutral commerce on the seas. The Declaration, originally adopted by a conference of the ten leading Powers on the initiative of Great Britain, had been rejected by the Lords after it was ratified by the House of Commons. It had been accepted by both belligerents as a basis of naval operations in the Italo-Turkish war. Its acceptance in the war of 1914 was greatly to the interests of every neutral, and of the United States in particular. Not unnaturally, Britain returned ambiguous replies to our somewhat technical notes; while Mr. Page wrote, impressing on his superiors the British point of view. As a British Ambassador to the United States, he would have been earning a ducal salary during this period: "A petty matter!" so he declared the controversy; and finally he wrote: "If Lansing again brings up the Declaration of London, after four flat and reasonable rejections—I shall resign." "We grieve Sir Edward so," he told Colonel House!

As the months rolled on, Mr. Page's sympathies so worked upon him that he showed an increasing impatience over America's failure to hurl herself into the war. "The President is fast losing in the minds of our best friends here, all that he gained by his courageous stand on the Panama tolls," he wrote Colonel House, 8 September, 1915. Again: "They are laughing at Uncle Sam here, . . . and I have telegraphed the President, English opinion is—well, it is very nearly disrespectful . . . I hardly pick up a paper that does not have a sarcastic paragraph or cartoon." Again: "They don't particularly care for us to get into the war. Their feeling (I mean among our best old friends) is not resentful. It is simply sorrowful." A little later he sent the Colonel this lament: "It's the loneliest time I've had in England. There's a tendency to avoid me . . . Bryce is very sad." Finally, to the President, he wrote with an air of despairing finality, the terrible words of "a Mr. X., a Cabinet Member," addressed to Mrs. Page. "My love for America, I must confess, is offended at this inaction," declared the exalted person. This, apparently, was almost too much to bear.

At this point, it is interesting to speculate on what might have happened in the early 'sixties if Walter Hines Page instead of the more thick-skinned Charles Francis Adams had been our spokesman in England. Adams was avoided too. The Tory press was burying Lincoln under a diluvial volume of abuse. All the "best people" were lauding the Confederacy, and British statesmen were spreading stories of Lincoln's ordering the nationalization of women in captured Confederate cities, the disembowelling of political opponents, and the like. Somehow Adams succeeded in maintaining the American point of view; one wonders what a Page would have written home!

The ambassador maintained throughout his correspondence a sprightly inconsistency. In September, 1914, he wrote that "they [the British] do not need more men in the field," and he scouted the idea of a possible recourse to conscription. He also scoffed at Lord Kitchener's reported prediction that the war might last several years. "That, I confess, seems to me very improbable, and is not the notion held by most men whose judgment I respect. It would take several years to kill that vast horde of Germans, but it will not take so long to starve them out." Yet a few weeks later he serenely asserted that the war would go on for years. The German navy he dismissed as "negligible," and almost on the same page he declared that "the British coast is now in its greatest danger" in 850 years. After letter upon letter demon-

strating that the Central Powers were animated wholly by the lust for conquest, while the Entente stood wholly for democracy and humanity, he gave the territorial rearrangement from the point of view of an Allied victory. "Russia to have the Slavic Austrian States and Constantinople; France to have Alsace-Lorraine of course, and Poland to go to Russia; Schleswig-Holstein and the Kiel Canal no longer to be German; all the southern German States to become Austrian." It never seemed to dawn on Mr. Page that any little thing like conquest was involved in this rearrangement. Apparently the altruistic British were to get only the German fleet, "or what is left of it," and Mr. Page's discreet informants mentioned indemnities only as referring to Belgium and Serbia.

Some of the facts imparted by Mr. Page to Colonel House and to the President, are of a curious nature indeed. On 2 September, 1915, he wrote that in 1912 the Kaiser had personally told Lord Haldane that he was going to war soon, and had asked that Great Britain remain neutral. Mr. Page said the information was revealed in Lord Haldane's book "Before the War." As a matter of fact Lord Haldane recounts no such incident. He does tell of a conversation in Berlin in 1912 with Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, in which an attempt was made to reach some understanding between Germany and England. In this conversation Lord Haldane, with a diplomatic disregard for the truth, assured the Chancellor that Britain "had no agreements with France or Russia except those that were in writing and published to the world." A European war had just been averted a few months before, and Lord Haldane makes it plain that the Chancellor was seeking assurances of British neutrality in the event of such a conflict. These Lord Haldane could not give. Lord Haldane's only mention of the Kaiser on this visit is when Wilhelm "with friendly frankness" gave him an advance-copy of the proposed new German naval building-programme to take home. Had he been contemplating war it seems improbable that the German Emperor would have handed over that precious paper, which resulted in an immediate speeding-up of the British building-plans.

It is a fair guess that the ambassador had not read Haldane—there is no indication in the letters that he ever read anything—but that some sedulous official had interpreted Haldane to him. His ability for absorbing misinformation gives unusual colour to his official and semi-official communications. There is, for instance, the alleged letter from an English girl married to a high German official, shown to him by the romantic Viscount Bryce, in which the young woman explained that the German fleet was built for the purpose of attacking America, and foretold a projected invasion of our shores. At the time, of course, Mr. Page could not know that the bunker-capacity of the German capital ships made this idea almost as absurd as an invasion of the moon; but even without this knowledge, it is highly improbable that anyone in Europe, except one of Mr. Wilson's ambassadors, would have given such utter nonsense a second thought.

Mr. Page's account of the goings-on among the good fairies and hobgoblins of the war-period, makes an interesting if somewhat humiliating chapter in the story now being unfolded by the odd job-lot of Sancho Panzas who were associated with Don Wilson in his adventures against the windmills and other enemies of humanity. If the former President is in a condition to have a sense of values, he must spend most of his time praying that no more books may emanate from his recent comrades in the Great Crusade.

## THE CENSORSHIP OF ART.

As the maker of queer bedfellows, the great war was an unqualified success; and yet we can remember no war-time combination of psalmists and sword-sharpeners which seemed to us more incongruous, or more certain to be dominated by its grosser element than the alliance of artists and vice-crusaders, now forming in New York City for the uplifting of the theatre. We read that the Authors' League of America, the American Dramatists, the Actors' Equity Association, the Producing Managers' Association, the Better Public Shows Movement (represented by the head of the Society for the Prevention of Commercialized Vice), the Y.M.C.A., the Welfare Board of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Drama League are joining forces for the establishment of a moral censorship which is characterized as voluntary, but will nevertheless be rendered mandatory by provisions in future contracts between dramatists and producers, and between actors and producers. We read all this in the papers, and then we remember "the blessing of the bayonets," and other such-like ceremonies of war-time; and we ask ourselves what religion can properly have to do with murder, or art with the censorship of art.

But perhaps we do not make ourselves plain. We do not mean to intimate that the American theatre has no need for standards. It does need them, lamentably; but those that it cries out for are not the standards that the artist may borrow from the moralist, but those that he must work out for himself. The artist can scarcely escape the evils of the censorship by selling his own soul to the censor. If the imposition of an official censorship is imminent, as the papers seem to indicate, the dramatists, the producers and the actors should by all means do anything they can to ward it off; anything short of the suicidal swallowing of a standard of values in which they, as artists, can have no proper interest.

If instead of surrendering to the moralists, and helping to apply the measure of moral conventionality in the field of art, the dramatists, the producers, and the actors would develop within their ranks a genuine respect for the art of the theatre, they would themselves be obliged to condemn as cheap and tawdry most of the material which the moralist considers indecent. When the standards of artistic production and criticism are so low as to countenance a great outpouring of trash, the moralist finds the defences already down when he begins his attack. Everybody knows that there is something wrong with such trumpery stuff as "Getting Gertie's Garter" and "The Demi-Virgin." If the theatrical profession as a whole has no standards which distinguish sharply between the genuine and the spurious, it is only natural that the censor should flourish, while the arts decay.

When we speak here of decay, we are not thinking, of course, of that moral degeneracy to which the reformer refers with so much relish. We are not thinking of decay or under-development as measured by any standard of excellence that could not be as fairly applied to the work of Rabelais and Cervantes, as to that of Thomas à Kempis and Cardinal Newman. We assume the existence of such standards, and we say with some assurance that the censor has least trouble in enforcing the acceptance of his moral measurements where the artists are most careless in the maintenance of any standards of their own.

If the reader would like an example of lazy and pernicious indifferentism towards æsthetic values on the part of the artists themselves, he will find a good one in a recent issue of the Authors' League *Bulletin*.

Here a contributor pours out praise upon the editor of a magazine which is notorious for its trashy and salacious fiction. The work of this editor in developing new writers is described with special enthusiasm; and yet it just happens that a friend of ours once submitted a story to that magazine, and got it back again with the suggestion that he spice it up with something in the way of sex-interest!

By giving circulation to an article which endorses a magazine of this kind, the Authors' League proclaims its indifference to artistic standards. When the League, and the dramatists' organization subsidiary to it, consent, even under extraordinary pressure, to the establishment of a censorship of the theatre, they are accepting moral standards which are not only unfitted to fill the æsthetic vacuum, but tend to give a positive misdirection to the arts. They are making the easy transition from æsthetic carelessness, which is bad enough, to moral repression, which is worse. They are taking up the sword, and the chances are good that they will perish by the sword.

### THE PRICE.

#### I

ALTHOUGH it had often happened since the spring softened the weather, that his youngest son, Ciaran, did not come home until the day was breaking, old Laurence MacCarthy could no longer keep the bed that night. He had to rise. The cocks were crowing, and the gables of the ruined abbey of St. Ciaran, up to which all the lines and ways of the little town of Balliniskey led, were becoming a rich black against the lightening sky. Very quietly he slipped from his bed; his other son, Tom, the son on whom all the responsibility of the farm and shop depended, slept in the next room, and to awaken him might only once more renew the bitterness that had arisen in the little family since Ciaran, the youngest son, had taken to drilling on the hills in the dark nights, if not, indeed, to something far more dangerous than drilling. Very quietly he slipped from the room, looking much older and more shrunken than was usual with him. He held his heavy boots clutched in under his right arm, and his left hand felt along the handrail of the stairs in the darkness. His lower lip was drawn in about the few teeth that remained to him, drawn in in anxiety and alertness. He went through the untidy shop, feeling from one bag of meal to another, and out into the store at the gable end. Very carefully he drew back the bolts on the wicket, and then he could see right along the whole street of the town. The cold of morning was in the air, and the mists of autumn lingered like clouds in the wide space where the main street opened into the square. He saw a dog, he knew it to be Pat Keily's dog, nosing along the street, from door to door, very silently; nothing else was abroad; the cocks, however, were still crowing lustily in the yards behind the houses; one could picture them, stretching to the skies, triumphantly sending their voices to far distances.

"My God, protect him! my God, be with him," he was praying continually, and his head was quivering, and his lips were moving vigorously. He did not want to be seen there; above all, he did not want Tom to rise up and find him there; and yet he could not shut the wicket he had opened, could not again face up the stairs.

Two young men stood suddenly before him. They had come through Moloney's stabling yard, leaping over the wall into the little bohereen that led up to the hill-side. He knew them. One was the Casey boy; the other was the schoolmaster's son, Sam Lillis. They stopped up suddenly to find him in the wicket before them. "Oh!" they jerked out, and young Casey turned irresolutely on his heel, looking to see if anyone else were following. But Sam Lillis gave a sort of military salute: "Ciaran—Ciaran's after meeting with an accident."

The old man couldn't take it in. He turned his head

halfway from the erect young man, spat on the ground and bent his brows fiercely. He did the same always when a price was put on his stock at a fair; he did it to gain time. Then his head swung up quickly: "Sh! lave ye, himself's asleep."

They were looking at him. They had come through the yard in a hurry, in a hurry had leaped over the wall, their eyes were very bright, their cheeks flushed. This blank pause they could not understand.

"Ciaran's wounded . . . in the shoulder. Maybe 'tisn't too much after all. . . ."

"Wounded? Ye're sure of that? God's will be done."

"We are. We are. Look, they're coming now."

Lillis raised a hand to the little group that were making down the bohereen, a hint of marching even then in the noise of their coming. "'Sh!' he said, "'sh!'"

The old man caught the boy Casey's shoulder. "Would you go up, like a good boy, and tell Tom to come down to us?"

"I will, sir."

The little crowd were at hand. The old man stepped outside the wicket—the opening was a narrow one—and stood helplessly by, bent down like the bough of an ancient tree. "Michael," he said to Michael Keohane, who, he knew, was captain over them; "ah, Michael, he's only a boy, a slip of a boy."

But Keohane, who for the past few years had had always more problems to decide upon than he was able to come at, had acquired a quick and somewhat hard way of answering such questions as took one no further.

"A boy!" he rapped out. "He's a damned sight better than the men of this place; we could hear them snoring through their windows—snoring at us! My God, they made me mad. If you go first, Tim, that way."

They had him scarcely in the store when another of the little band thrust in his head. He was pale, thin, and his teeth showed in the gums. "Mick, Mick," he whispered quickly, "come out. Listen—is it a motor? Anyway, 'tis broad daylight."

Keohane listened quietly, for rather a long time, it seemed. "'Tis better clear anyhow," he said. "We can't do any more."

Tom had come into the store, his face was red, his black hair was tossed about his forehead. He had had a full night's sleep. Keohane shot a glance at him.

"There he's for you; 'twill be some time before he'll finish that rick for you!" He turned on his heel and went out.

"Don't mind him, Tom; he's excited," the father said.

But Tom was examining the unconscious face of his brother; his voice surprised his father. "'Tis true for him," he said. "Yesterday he was nearly killed with the piking. I felt sorry for him myself. Take him by the feet. Nell will be down now."

The old father could go only very slowly, and Tom spoke again: "'Tis no use in complaining; it comes to all of them in their turn."

Nell, his only sister, came in. She was crying very softly, as a child might in a dream; she too feared her brother's judgment. "Don't be hard on him, Tom. Sure you won't?"

"Who's hard on him?"

"Nobody—I know, I know."

"Jack Casey said it went right through; if it did, he mightn't be too bad." They had never heard so kind a voice coming from Tom's lips, Tom, who managed every one of themselves, as well as every detail of the house, farm and shop.

"But 'twas a pity they failed," he continued, and they asked no questions; but, little by little, they got from him what he had been told by Jack Casey—that they had tried to hold up a military motor-lorry in which a prisoner, Bat Kennedy's son, was being taken to Cork; that they had failed, that one of the police had been wounded, and that Ciaran had showed the stuff that was in him.

"My God," he said, "but they think highly of him, the boys do. When he's recovered we'll send him out to Aunt Mary's place and give him a holiday, so we will."

## II

It seemed the boy would never regain consciousness. Dr. Keating had come in his trap and dressed the wound: unless it grew septic, he hoped for complete recovery, only 'twould take time; besides they could not tell what the nervous system had suffered from the shock. Very silently the day went by; and though they did their best to keep the story from spreading, many a whispered inquiry had to be answered, equally in a whisper, over the counters and over the sacks of meal that day. Even before the shops had opened, lorries of military and police had been rushing through the place, making for the scene of the fight at Templebreeda, almost ten miles off. Three aeroplanes had already swooped over the roofs of the houses. But up to the present no inquiries had been made, and it seemed the authorities were on the wrong track.

In the afternoon Nan Twohig slipped quietly into the shop; she had brought some flowers from her hill-side garden; she had also brought a phial of Lourdes water.

She was tall and very erect, yet lissom and graceful in her movements. Her eyes were soft and grey, always wide open, and very frank looking. Her lips were palish, never moist, and very sweet and gentle in their unbroken repose. She brought a moment of stillness into every group she joined—just one moment, in which their looks, their words, their thoughts underwent a subtle chastening. Yet no one had ever known her to make judgment on any one or to reprove or scorn. She had no fear in her, no yearnings, it would seem; no curiosity. She knew where she was going, as an infant knows its mother's breast. And in some dim way, the whole town knew it too; in their thoughts she was already a Sister of Charity.

In a little house on the hill-side not far from the ruined abbey, she lived with her parents, both now very old; they had married late in life, and she was their only child. Her father had sold out the hotel—it was practically the only hotel in the place; and now the three of them lived in great retirement in their sheltered nook. Their comfort was, morning and evening, to frequent the church, in which, at Sunday Mass and at the Sunday Benediction, Nan played the organ and conducted the choir.

A phial of Lourdes water was, indeed, a treasure.

"I will not, Nan," old Laurence Mac Carthy said to her, the two of them standing above the unconscious figure so limp-looking in the bed. "I will not; it is more fitting that you do it yourself, whatever you think right."

She looked a little perplexed. She was staring fixedly at the young lad's face. It was a good-looking face, well-shaped, oval in its outline, refined, the features sharply cut. In the stillness, lifelessness, of unconsciousness, the outline of the features was everything, as in the face of a corpse; and one would think that Nan Twohig had never seen the young man before, so intently were her eyes set upon him.

"Very well," she said, and she took the phial of blessed water and made the Sign of the Cross upon the features, touching his brow, his lips, with the water. And then the father lifted very gently the bedclothes from the shoulder and Nan again made the Sign of the Cross on the dressings. That done, she dropped on her knees and bent her head in prayer. Her face and that of the young man were very close together: he was lying on his right side along the edge of the bed. The father stood above her. She felt his hand touch her on the shoulder; she opened her eyes, and she saw that Ciaran, too, had opened his eyes, was looking at her gravely; suddenly she saw him smile to recognize her, but it did not last more than a few moments. Sudden fear, pain, made his features wince; his gaze sharpened a moment, became dark and full of distress; and he lapsed again into unconsciousness—before a word had been spoken to him. She rose up trembling, trying to master herself. Colour had come up into her pale cheeks, and her fingers stretched to support herself on the low table that stood near the bed.

The old man took no notice of her; it was on his son's face that his eyes were set.

"Nan," he whispered, "did you see that? Wouldn't you say that would be a good sign?"

"Oh, yes," she could hardly speak; her voice sounded hard and rough to her. "Oh, yes, he'll come out of it, little by little . . . I'll leave you this."

She went away, hushed and wondering.

## III

That sudden change that had come so swiftly over the smiling eyes, she carried with her: it renewed itself in her vision again and again. She went swiftly and silently through the agitated people. That there was a region of pain, of fear, that she had never realized, hovered among her thoughts; of all her thoughts that chiefly she would put away from her by her swift hurrying; for it questioned her, questioned her prudence and her own courage. It now seemed to her so callous to have given utterance to heroic thoughts without making any effort to realize the suffering that such thoughts may bring in their train!

Her attitude all along in the ever-multiplying troubles that were being poured out on her people, on her country, had surprised even those who best knew her. They had known her for a nun-like spirit, moving in her own way, in ways that were not the world's. There were thousands like her in Ireland, gentle souls whose real country was the cloister, whom only the duties of life kept still in the world. That such a soul should take unflinching stand by the side of the young men, was scarcely to be understood. The old priest had time and again spoken of them as hot-heads, had threatened the country with famine if they persevered in their wild courses, had warned the farmers and the shopkeepers to look after their sons, if they did not want to see their bank balances come tumbling down. It was little use for him: the young men went on with their drilling, with their raiding for arms, with their attacks on police barracks, on the mails, on patrols of military and police; and in all that they did Nan Twohig justified them. This, however, she did privately; in simple words she would give her opinion—not knowing that her words would run from lip to lip, would temper the opinions of the worldly-wise and strengthen further the resolve of the young men never to give in. In aloofness, in repose, her life flowed on unchanged. Once only did she do a thing that surprised herself and astonished the town. It was the first Sunday in August, and the little church was crowded to the door. In the middle of the Mass, the old priest, who had never made even one mistake in all the dragging years of his long life, had asked for the customary prayers for the dead, had begun to read out the list of names:

"James O'Donovan, of Lyrenagreine.

"Thomas O'Rourke, of Lismoran.

"John Dempsey, of Tobberinglas—"

and there suddenly he paused, puzzling out, it was evident, the next name on the list. After a moment he began to read on again—there were but three other names—and had finished them, had raised his head, and was looking straight down the church through his spectacles, when Nan Twohig's voice spoke out quite clearly from the little organ gallery:

"And for the soul of Roger Casement, whose anniversary occurs about this time."

Very few looked around from the altar, scarcely one; besides, their eyes were all on the priest, who stood still on the altar steps facing down the church. They could see his struggle to steady his voice to finish the prayers for the dead: "May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen." Then he turned again to the altar, and resumed the whisper of the Mass in a silence that seemed to be afraid of itself.

Yes, that action on her part did surprise herself, yet not so much as one would think; she was quite sure that she had done nothing wrong.

Because it was Nan Twohig that had done that extraordinary thing, the people discussed it only in whispers and never discussed it with the Canon himself; neither did he invite discussion on it. Silence was the better thing,

whether she had done right or wrong. But one old man did say: "People that walk that way, with their heads up, and their eyes looking straight before them, you can never tell what it is they'll stop at." But one thing embarrassed the gentle soul: she noticed for the first time that the Volunteers, young men, many of them, whose names she had never heard, would salute her and glance shyly at her with grateful eyes as she passed on. But it was now more than a month since that Sunday in August.

All the day motor-lorries of military and police were tearing through the long street of the town, sending up clouds of dust. The soldiers were but boys for the most part; they had taken off their helmets and their hair was tossed about their foreheads. They carried their rifles with the barrels resting on the edge of the lorry; and baggage, clothing, hair, faces, guns, as well as the motor itself, were white with the dust of the country roads. They laughed out boisterously or sang as they passed through the silent towns. In the afternoon an armoured car rattled swiftly through the street and disappeared in a cloud of dust. The people, who had never before seen one, began to put up their shutters, and to gather in anxious groups. Everybody had come to know of the fight at Templebreeda, of young Ciaran Mac Carthy's bravery, and of the wounded policeman. Reprisals had followed such happenings in other places, and that was what they feared. News arrived that Templebreeda had been surrounded by a cordon of troops, that the houses were being searched and that many arrests had been made. In one case, the three sons had been swept off; in another, the father and the only boy. Some small arms, some scraps of ammunition, some Sinn Fein literature, some books or papers in the Irish language had been found in their houses, and explanations were neither asked nor offered.

Nan had just heard the news of the arrests when the motor-lorries swept again at a terrific rate through the street: they were returning. The second and third carried the prisoners that had been made. Young men, some indeed only boys in their teens, they stood upright, handcuffed one to another, in a ring of steel. They were dressed in their working-clothes. They waved their caps, hurrahed and sang whenever they passed through a little hamlet or village; and the ring of soldiers about them stood erect and very silent. But the older men among the prisoners were depressed and awkward-looking: they had not yet had time to fling themselves on the reckless heroic plane where the young men had been dwelling for months and years.

Nan's heart had been opened that morning, and she saw it all with a sense of warm, piteous tears. She saw how cowed the townspeople were; as the prisoners passed only an odd one of the people would raise a hand or a cap. They had not the heart. At that time the jails were crammed with prisoners, and some of them were on the point of death from hunger-striking, while day by day others of them were drifting home to their people, wrecked in body and sometimes in mind.

No sooner had they all swept by, leaving the streets full of whirling clouds of dust, than the children of the place formed into ranks and marched around the streets shouting out their Republican songs at the top of their voices. Nan felt thankful for the heartiness of their singing: she was repeating the words of their songs for her own comforting:

No more our ancient ireland  
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.

All this that she had seen, the rushing motors, the young prisoners, the anxious people, whispering, and fearful of what the night or the next day would bring upon themselves, Nan carried to bed with her that night. She could not sleep for it; and scraps of boys' songs would ring through her brain; and then the young flesh of Ciaran Mac Carthy, quivering with agony, his eyes darkening with it—she would see his head laid sideways and quite helpless on the white pillow. And she was not

satisfied with her own part in all this, though she did not even ask herself if she could have done otherwise.

#### IV

And so she was sitting up in her bed, listening, one would think, from the expression of her face. She could see the tree-tops dark against the clear sky, and occasionally a bird fluttered quite close to her window, as if it were pulling at the leaves. She grew cold, and with a smothered sigh lay down, drawing the clothes warmly about her. Presently she raised her head: she thought she heard some one climbing over the wall of her garden, thought she heard a leap down on the grass. She kept quite still, terrified. Dreadful things had been done, done on both sides, during the past twelve months, and even to the hearts of the Volunteers themselves, daring and courageous as they were, a peremptory knocking at the door in the dead of night would send coldness and fear. For such a knocking she felt herself waiting, though she had no idea what would happen to herself, having heard it! She heard a stirring and then a low whistle. She started violently. "Christ help me, Christ protect me," she was praying. The whistle was repeated. If it were a signal to others! She was half-way out the bed, she would go into her mother's room, when she heard whistled very soft and low, the first notes of "Wrap the Green Flag Round Me, Boys"—a song that had become burdened with the most tragic associations. Her heart opened; she felt reassured; and her thoughts thanked him, whoever it was, for having struck on such a signal at the very moment when terror was chilling her through and through. She liked the song: like every one else she had often found it singing in her brain, as if it would never end; like an old friend it came to her now.

She crept to the window and opened it. A voice whispered up: "Is that Miss Twohig?"

"Yes; what is it you want?"

"No one can hear us?"

"No; you're Michael Keohane?"

"Yes, I am. Tell me, would it be possible for us to bring Ciaran Mac Carthy up here. Could you keep him for some time?"

"Up here! Now?" She could not help her surprise.

"Yes. We think it best. His house will surely be searched to-morrow; he's well-known to them. He'd be safe here. And the doctor wouldn't allow us to take him any distance—without a proper ambulance."

"But now, you said?"

"Twould be best. We must keep it secret from the people in the town. Please let us."

"Oh! don't think I'm against it. We'd do more than that for Ciaran, for any of you."

"I know that; we call you our best recruiting-sergeant!"

She heard him laugh; but all the anxiety of the long day swept back on her at his words. He spoke again: "Your people won't be against it?"

"They're all right; I'll answer for them."

"Could you have a place ready in an hour's time?"

"Yes, certainly, in less."

When he had gone, she dressed in haste and went to her mother's room. Then she was running up stairs and down stairs and from room to room, her arms full of bundles of white linen. She was full of quiet excitement, and indeed full of a secret joy, a secret fire she could not quench. Her house was honoured; she herself was honoured; it did not matter what happened next. They might come and break in the panels of the door—which had become their usual way of entering houses—or leap in through the windows on top of them; and no resistance could be made; but it did not matter; she would have suffered with the rest, and so could take her place without misgivings in the Ireland that was being born. And though she would have taken in any wounded Volunteer whatever, she was glad it was Ciaran Mac Carthy that she was asked to take in. For a moment she had forgotten all the anxious thoughts that were with her the length of that long day; now she could chirp like a bird.

In less than an hour he was lying there beneath her

eyes. He regained consciousness; and began to speak to her with great shyness. He was overjoyed at the way Tom had taken this upset. He always knew he was good at heart, but he had great responsibilities, and responsibilities harden a man; look at Michael Keohane. And then she chatted to him of what Michael had said of himself, of his courage—and he laughed gently, and was glad to have his captain think so well of him. But she would not let him talk. He must keep quiet. And quietly he shut his eyes and dozed off to sleep. Soon afterwards his sister, Nell, came into the room and found her there, sitting quietly, staring straight in front of her, full of wonder. A warmth was in her heart. She was remembering the richness of Ciaran's hazel eyes, the frank, boyish gladness in them when he smiled.

## V

When our heart opens at all, it opens to the cold winds as well as to the kindly sun. As soon as Nan entered her own room, leaving Nell to keep watch by Ciaran's side until the morning, which was the arrangement they had made, new fears swept down upon her. She tried to put them away; everything had not gone on too well, and even if it had—well, it was God's will, and his wound had not taken cold in the journey through the hill-side fields beneath the cold stars. And he would not be arrested. . . . It was true the night was chilly, she had felt it herself, sitting up in bed; and certainly it was colder now, as was only natural. If he were arrested he would go on hunger-strike rather than be classed among the criminals and treated as one. And if he did! She went from change to change. And behind all her questionings was this thought: that whatever had happened, whatever was happening (his wound might be turning poisonous at that very moment) whatever would happen—she was bearing no part in it. She was herself—lived in another world—callous and impotent.

Suddenly she began to reclothe herself, snatching up her garments quickly and buttoning them with quick, deft fingers. The pious little ejaculations that she had been whispering to herself, almost mechanically, she whispered no longer. But her own erectness had returned to her. She had resumed herself.

In Balliniskey there is a standing devotion to their patron saint, to St. Ciaran. They make rounds at the ruined abbey on the hill-side, just above the town; and many a boy in the streets of the little place answers to the old saint's name. Nan shared in this devotion; and in those years of national trouble had often found great consolation in praying at the holy well in the old abbey grounds. Suddenly, while undressing, the thought of the broken abbey set there above their houses, looking down on them, the thought of the old Gaelic saint, had come to her with already an assurance of comfort; St. Ciaran, it seemed, in some mysterious way could marry her, could knit her into the troubles that had come yet once again on his own ancient land, that had come on his own boy, Ciaran Mac Carthy, for loving the same old land.

Quickly she dressed, wrapped a long, whitish warm cloak she had about her, stepped swiftly yet silently down the stairs, opened the door, and made hastily along the little hill-side path that led to the holy well: there were but two fields to go through.

Parallel to and above the main street, she was walking along the hill-side, swiftly and without fear; her eyes were set straight before her: a queen walking apart from, yet in the gaze of her people, would walk with the self-same air.

Below her, without turning her head, she was conscious of the jumbled roofage of the sleeping town; there was the irregular line of the street, and beyond, the massing of the houses at the hilly end of the square. In a window, as she went along, she caught the tiny gleam of a little red lamp; she had seen that little gleam before; she knew it burned all night long before a statue of the Sacred Heart: to see it was a good omen.

She heard stirrings in the bushes—they had nothing to do with her; and she felt the sting of the constant wind,

but with that neither had she anything to do. She drew the cloak about her and made on.

Still tighter she drew it about her whilst she knelt at the well, for the wind seemed to have strengthened. Her two hands, almost hidden within it, gripped its edges and drew them closer and closer about her shoulders as she sank deeper and deeper into the heart of her prayer. Her forearms were folded, rigid and hard, pressing against her breast. Her head was bent down earnestly, so much so that the bone of her chin seemed welded into the wrist bone of her left hand. She had become one mass, without limbs it seemed, and that mass was leant, almost fiercely, against the grey and twisted trunk of a little elder tree that the wind off the hill-side had bent away from the well. And so she prayed, without a movement of the lips, perhaps without a word.

After some time a sound from far away disturbed her: it was like a stronger wind than this that was on her brow. She put it away from her: it was a distraction. But it was still strengthening, and a throbbing had come into it. The throbbing was now imparted to the whole place, to her own framework of flesh and bone. She wondered at it; and involuntarily glanced aside, swiftly, when a light flashed up in a back window. It did not last more than a second: it was suddenly quenched, leaving a great gap of darkness. Then she heard a window raised, she heard a voice say, "Listen, can't ye?" After a moment she heard a different voice, a frightened voice, cry out, "For God's sake, shut it!" The window was shut down. Farther off, other voices were speaking in low tones, as if from window to window. They, too, ceased after a moment. And then the whole place was certainly throbbing to that ever-increasing, windy sound that was coming nearer and nearer. She would not stir: it would pass away, pass away into the distance.

That throbbing sound, furious with suppressed force, suddenly swelled into a roar, had come round a corner, swelled into a sudden song, loud, drunken, triumphant. She did not know the song. It was roaring rather than song, only there was laughter in it. Shots were fired. She leaped to the sound. She shook her head as if there were marbles in her ears. All the dogs in the place were howling or yapping. More shots were fired, again, again; and glass began to fall down on the flags. The throbbing was less now; and the song was broken into odd phrases and shouts; but the dogs were still howling or snapping viciously. Orders were shouted out—loudly, fiercely. She could not stir. She had no thought—no more than a person has while he is falling from a height to his death. Suddenly there was wild cheering and a great glare shot up, lit up everything in so bright a flash that she could see nothing for it. But the flash of it died down to one spot: there below her in the street she could see great tongues of flames coming out through the broken glass of Kelly's shop, coming fiercely out and licking the front of the house. She lost control of her limbs to understand the meaning of it; to understand what was come to her little town. She might have stood up, or fallen down, or leaped up on the steps of the stone cross. She was all eyes, glaring into that corner of flame—the rest of the town had not shown a sign of life: not a window had been raised, not a lamp lit! Against the flames, almost in under them, she could see human figures running swiftly from place to place; they bent down as they ran, and orders pursued them. Now women's voices burst out, one of them wailing out the Holy Name without ceasing. But the little figures that were tending the flames only ran the more swiftly from place to place. She had seen pictures like it—devils trying to burn a saint of God: they were armed with long fork-like implements. Her eyes fell on one of the figures: his back was to the flames, he was staring straight up at her; he grabbed another by the shoulder: two of them, side by side, were staring up at her, and she could not move. A little crowd of them gathered then together; one of them cried out, and another struck him on the mouth; that she saw quite plainly. Then they ran, all in the one direction, the man who was struck running last.

"But she became a nun all the same."

"She always intended to become a nun."

"But she should have waited till her parents died."

"Well, she didn't."

"And they saw her from the street."

"More than they saw her. She had climbed the steps of the cross, and stood by its side, with her right hand stretched out stiff; and the light played up on her; and petrol makes a strong light. They saw her hand move. They fled. On the steps she was found."

"She saved Balliniskey. Look at what they were after doing in Lismoran."

"She did; and perhaps that is why she did not wait till her parents died before becoming a nun."

"'Twas a sort of miracle. But then there's Ciaran Mac Carthy."

"Yes, indeed."

"And there's Ireland, too."

"And this is the end of all, that all miracles are the fruit of love."

DANIEL CORKERY.

### ORIENTAL STANDARDS OF ART.

DIFFERENT types of civilization create their own æsthetic standards; that is why there is all the difference in the world between the beauty of the Parthenon and the beauty of the Taj Mahal. These æsthetic standards are the result of climate, natural environment, time, racial traditions and the racial spirit. It sometimes follows, therefore, that the æsthetic standard of one type of civilization is incomprehensible to people of another type of civilization. The ancient Greeks, for example, understood by "beauty" in architecture the balancing of the component parts and the harmony of the *tout ensemble*. With this conception in their minds they built the Parthenon, which still fascinates many Western peoples. But when an Arab looks at it, he is not at all thrilled or exalted by it. It appears to him unimposing and too bald, and too purely intellectual to be classed as a great work of art. It does not look imposing to him as the mosques of Cairo do, because, from his point of view, it has after all the form only of an enlarged hut. Its appeal is to his intellect only, because to his eyes its walls are absolutely undecorated, whilst the appeal of the Alhambra is to his fancy and emotions—with its walls resplendent with gorgeous colours, and arabesques of the most varied patterns.

Again take the case of Greek sculpture. A Hindu or a Japanese is not carried away with admiration and delight when he looks at the Venus de Milo or the Apollo Belvedere, which Europeans regard as great masterpieces. He approaches sculpture from a point of view totally different from that of the Occidental. He does not wish it to express mere passing whims or emotions any more than the ancient Greeks did. What he seeks in it is either an intense spiritual calm, or movements and gestures which symbolize some great idea—which Greek sculpture fails to give him. The faces of Greek statues are devoid of emotion, whilst those of Indian statues of the Buddhist period express a state of mind which has transcended all emotion; this can readily be seen when one compares any of the Buddhas of India, or China or Japan, with the Apollos of the Greeks and Romans. In the presentation of the ideal human form the Greek is undoubtedly a master, but he has nothing else to say or to suggest beyond showing the beauty of this form, and that is the reason why he does not move the Oriental spectator of his work.

Modern French sculpture also fails to excite feelings of admiration in the Oriental, because he sees in

it nothing but an apotheosis of the senses. He agrees that its technique is good, but its gestures and expressions do not signify anything very profound, for they are born of transient emotions only. Men like Rodin, however, are exceptions. Rodin appeals to the Oriental because Rodin expresses certain timeless truths, such as the insignificance of man in the universe, the force of destiny, and the earthly origin of man.

From the Oriental point of view, art is not an imitation or reproduction of Nature, therefore an Oriental is not greatly attracted, as a rule, by Western painting. He wants things to be represented in a highly idealized manner and to suggest some mystical or metaphysical truths, or else he desires purely decorative art. If he wants to paint a bird, for example, he will not look at it and paint it then and there in one sitting, as the Western artist does; he will look at it one day from one point of view and paint a portion of it, then look at it the next day from another point of view and paint a little more of it, and go on doing so day after day until he has painted the ideal bird of his imagination.

Byzantine painting, in spite of its crudeness, makes a certain appeal to Orientals, because it has a religious atmosphere, and also because it does not make use of chiaroscuro and perspective—the inevitable concomitants of realism in art. The Pre-Raphaelite painters of Italy from Cimabue down to Perugino appeal to Orientals for more or less the same reason. Then, again, the Oriental requires an appearance or an atmosphere of lightness in a painting; that is why, until European influence made itself felt, he had never used oil-colours, which are so heavy in their effect. Nor do the people of the Eastern world appreciate large paintings, except as decorations for walls. Like their music, their pictures are meant for only a few people at a time. A man by himself, they believe, can drink in the beauty of a picture or of a melody much better than when he is in the company of fifty or a hundred people.

Eastern literary ideals also differ, in certain respects, from Western literary ideals, and for that reason I have often found it difficult to appreciate the greatness of certain Western masters and masterpieces of literature. An Oriental, particularly a Hindu like myself, expects the ideal moral and spiritual man to be the hero of an epic poem, because Rama, the hero of the Indian epic "Ramayana," is the perfect type of man both morally and spiritually; and so, the "Illiad" and the "Odyssey" do not appeal to me, because their heroes, Achilles and Ulysses, are moody, vain and tricky men. The "Divine Comedy," on the other hand, does appeal to me, because it is consistently noble, exalted, and filled with a spirit of holiness, like the Hindu epics. I have often wondered why the merits of Elizabethan literature have been so much praised by literary critics. I grant that it is bold and full of the spirit of adventure and of wonder, but these qualities by themselves do not make literature great. I feel on reading it that it is after all the expression of the instincts of the primitive man. It is full of memorable and even of great passages, but the elevated strain is not sustained. Orientals are unable to wax enthusiastic even over Shakespeare, the greatest of the Elizabethans, as English-speaking peoples do. He is admired by his countrymen because he is able to re-create the great variety of human beings that Nature has created. That fact, of course, can not be denied. But to the Oriental mind, to reflect nature even with marvellous fidelity is not the highest thing that a poet can do. It is not realism but idealism in literary art that Orientals seek. A great poet, therefore, is not a reflector of nature

but a revealer of transcendental truths. He is the tongue of the Unseen, the interpreter of divine secrets, or, to put it differently, the link between man and God. Then again, the Western poet in general is too democratic for Eastern tastes. He will write on all sorts of subjects, whether high or low, beautiful or ugly. For example, he will write a poem on his dog, which an Oriental poet would hardly ever dream of doing, having been brought up to be very careful in the choice of his subjects, and therefore regarding certain subjects as no fit themes for poetry.

The romantic literature of Europe appeals to the Oriental much more than the classical literature does; at the same time there are many elements in it which he can not appreciate. For example, he does not like the anarchic emotionalism with which it is often charged. In poetry the Oriental requires emotions permeated by a sense of the divine presence; these the romantic poets of the West who are permeated by a sense of their own importance, hardly ever give him. Then again, the Oriental's outlook on Nature is quite different from that of the European romantics. To him—especially to the Hindu and the Persian—Nature is only one of the steps on the golden stairway that leads up to God, and consequently Nature is never his goal. But Byron, Wordsworth, Chateaubriand, and other European writers of the Romantic period look upon Nature as children look upon their mother. She is their comforter, their solace, their friend, their beloved. She is apotheosized by them, and it is on rare occasions only that an Omnipresent Being reveals himself to them behind her beauties.

This Western attitude towards Nature, Orientals feel, is due to the lack of a traditional philosophy in modern Europe. There are of course plenty of philosophical books written in Western countries, but there is no single system of philosophy which has continuously moulded the minds of Western peoples. Take, for example, mysticism. What is the difference between Oriental mysticism and modern European mysticism? It is this: the former has been created by the people of a country *en masse* after centuries of thought, feeling and aspiration, whilst the latter is the result of the temperament of an individual writer. The mysticism of M. Maeterlinck is at times only partially or not at all understood by his readers, whether Belgian or French, because it is wholly personal, whilst the mysticism of Rabindranath Tagore is instinctively understood by all Hindus, because it is traditional.

There are other elements in Western literature which do not always appeal to Orientals. Thus they do not appreciate "personification"—which is so much used by Western poets. It is rarely met with in Oriental literatures and is looked upon as a lower form of art. Then again, they do not understand why Western poets like Shelley dream and sing so much about abstract beauty. Their pantheistic temperament leads them to ask: What is this beauty but God? In this connexion it may be noted that in Oriental literature there is no apotheosis of beauty, because, according to Orientals, all beauty—the beauty of women, the beauty of paintings and sculpture, the beauty of sunlight and moonlight and starlight, is due to the presence of God in all things. What does Jami, the great Persian poet, say about it:

From the rose flashed forth his beauty and the nightingale holding it loved madly;  
From that fire the candle drew its lustre, which beguiled the moth to immolation.

I might also add that the morbidity of Baudelaire and D'Annunzio in latter-day Western literature makes no

appeal to Orientals. On reading these writers, the Oriental feels that their morbidity is due to self-indulgence and atheistic tendencies, which Orientals are not fitted by their training and temperament to admire. Eastern writers have very seldom given us such neurotic, hysterical and sensual characters as D'Annunzio, for example, has created. In fact, the European literature of decadence, in spite of its beauty of form, its brilliance, and its genuine lyrical cry, fails to attract the Oriental mind; and this because of its egoism, hypersensitiveness and diseased mentality.

V. B. METTA.

## LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: II.

LONDON, February, 1922.

FOR a short while I am able to look at this odd little country with a traveller's eyes. "Too adorable for words!" said Miss Rachel Crothers in the train running down from Liverpool: and I responded with a British grunt of scepticism. "Gee! What roads!" said a young American on his second visit—his first having been at the age of three. "It is nice to be back," said a sad Irishwoman, and that was as far as my own sentiments would go. For several days in London I could go no further until the pain of my return had crystallized out into a mood of tenderness. Nothing else is possible. There is no room here for hope or for sorrow, only for that tenderness which is beyond both, in dealing with these people who are lost in the hopelessness of victory.

Years ago I remember Romain Rolland speaking envously of our English moral reserve as that which made us socially sound. It has been squandered during the war and flung to the winds in the first years of a victorious peace. The repository of that reserve has always been the lower middle class, people who know just enough to maintain their ideal of respectability in order to enjoy the simple, human, domestic pleasures. There are millions of them and they never take a risk, knowing perfectly well that if they did so they would get drunk on it, lose their heads and be ruined. They are virtuous and love nothing so much as denouncing the wicked: it makes them feel more virtuous than they or anyone else could possibly be. Their besetting sin is a moral indignation, and they are wax in the hands of a demagogue who stirs it in them. Mr. Gladstone found that and used Turkish atrocities, Mr. Asquith used Belgium, and Mr. Lloyd George has used everybody who disagrees with him, until at last the lower middle class has worn out its capacity for feeling virtuous. They are beginning to find that excessive indulgence in virtue is as expensive as any other vice. They are, in fact, morally bankrupt, and with their ruin the whole political system of Great Britain has collapsed. There remain the permanent departments, the municipalities, and the banks; nothing else. The politician's occupation is gone. He knows it and hops about the world looking for a platform, unable to admit, poor brute! that he has nothing to say, and that if he had anything to say, no one would listen to him. Mr. Lloyd George is a man of the lower middle class—a very different thing from a man of the people: he was entrusted by them with their peculiar creation, the British moral reserve, and, drunk with success, he squandered it in Paris, a city over which the British lower middle class has always licked a lascivious lip. His betrayal has been immense and Nemesis is a cruel ironist.

I am very fond of Nemesis as a good workman. He (or she) always makes a good clean job of it with the thousand loving touches that put a finish on a piece of work. When horror heaped on horror can not bring a people to their senses she piles absurdity on absurdity and at the right time in the right way uses a Bottomley, an Asquith, a Lloyd George, a Smith, a Churchill, a Pip and a Squeak. She uses birth and death and love and goes her way with a smile of just that tenderness which was needed in the beginning and now and world without end. That smile of hers is the only thing that can penetrate to the bowels of the unjust, it gives the only light that can reach the brains of the stupid. That

smile of hers is for a while mastering, controlling, governing the human race, forcing them to perceive the value of decency and dignity and to loathe the mob-life they have led since they became just intelligent enough to see how machines and metals and fuels could enable them to clap a mortgage on every child born into the world. . . . Three generations of it! They say in Lancashire, "It's three generations fra' clogs to clogs," and Nemesis is smiling Merrie England back to clogs. . . .

I have visited several theatres and the grimness of their condition haunts me. The same "successful" actors are performing exactly the same tricks as they exploited ten years ago. They deceive themselves and are most pathetically unaware that they no longer deceive anyone else. The machinery of the theatre is set in motion but nothing happens. I am told that there has been an outbreak of booing and catcalling; inevitably. If the actors can do nothing, then the audience must take the affair into their own hands. The vacuum must be filled with something, even though it be only a noise. A crowd must do something before it dissolves, in order to be able to dissolve.

Mr. Lloyd George goes to the theatre and he must have felt that something was wrong with it, but all he could think of doing was to give Charles Hawtrey a knighthood. Hawtrey!—a delicious artist: but the idea of helping the theatre by making Hawtrey respectable! It is of a piece with all the rest. But what stubbornness. John Bull in his humiliation says what he used to say in his success: "You say I am a damn fool? Very well: I am a damn fool! What of it?" . . . What can you do? What can anybody do? It is cheaper to live on an island because of the saving in transport. John Bull lives on his island and feels secure but is secretly woebegone because he knows that he has to begin to think and does not know how to set about it. Gladstone talked, Dizzy talked, Lloyd George—O God! O Montreal!—Lloyd George has talked and Cecil Rhodes swindled, but no one has done any thinking for such a long time . . . such a long time! How do you begin? How much does it cost? Where do you buy it? Which of the financial groups controls it? . . . The answer to all these questions is in the smile, the tender smile of Nemesis as she surveys her work in the British Isles and finds it good.

GILBERT CANNAN.

## POETRY.

### CHINESE POEMS.

(Translated by Florence Brinkman.)

#### FROM THE WEST WINDOW.

Leading a dazzling regiment, my husband entered the war. And I? I was happy as a child. Happy in my new-found freedom!

But now the fields are turning golden—  
(Were they not green when he left?)  
A foreboding of winter's snow hides in the greyish cast of the heavens.

Is he sad that I must weave a wreath of joyless nights in his absence—  
Or because he'll return to leafless boughs,  
Instead of the soft green buds of spring?

WANG-CHANG-LING.

(800?)

#### CRY OF THE RAVENS.

Outside the city wall, all veiled in yellow dust,  
The ravens cry and rock in the trees at twilight.  
The young wife of a warrior spins silken threads,  
Hears the ravens' cries and watches  
The last rays of the setting sun  
Sink wearily into the curtains.

Her needle falls.  
She thinks of him.  
Her wishes circle about him like wild birds.  
Silently she seeks her lonely bed,  
And her tears fall—  
Hot as summer rains.

LI-TAI-FE.  
(702-763)

### MARCHING TO WAR.

The horses stamp, the wagons rattle,  
Soldiers march with bow and arrow;  
Fathers, mothers, wives and children mingle in their ranks.  
Tenderly they stroke the hands of the doomed ones—  
Those doomed to kill—and be killed.  
They cross the bridge in a cloud of dust,  
The grief of women mounts as mist and falls as rain.

Strangers ask:—Where are you going?  
Where have you come?  
Why this madness?  
What has taken possession of you?

The soldiers mutter:—March! March!  
Always march!  
When we had lived but fifteen years,  
We marched against the north,  
But now we march against the west.  
When we were drafted, our hair was black,  
'Twill be white as frost when we return—  
And then we'll have to fight another war.

Unquenchable is the emperor's thirst to conquer the world.  
What is the life of a subject to him?  
In vain our women plough the fields  
Where thorns grow from the barren earth.  
The war is a devastating fire.  
It glows by day and night.  
A man's life is no better than a bird's or dog's.

Who still has respect for age?  
Shall I tell you more of this misery?  
Not in winter may the weapons rest,  
And our parents must slave to pay the taxes.  
If our wives bear us children,  
Heaven grant there'll be no sons!  
For a daughter one gives his neighbour to wed,  
But a son is killed in war—and lies unburied.

Emperor, can't thou not see in dreams,  
The strand of the Ku-Ku-Noor sea,  
Where legs and arms toss in eternal unrest?  
Where the young dead disturb  
The old dead with their cries?

The heavens are dark,  
The earth is dark with rain,  
Grief dashes from the cliffs into the sea,  
From out a thousand channels.

TRU-FU.  
(714-774)

### AT PARTING.

The General's horse stamps his unrest.  
Under the pagoda stands the young wife.  
She gives him a woven scarf:  
Scarlet embroidered on grey.

How many tender memories are interwoven!  
Read them in thy tent . . .  
Look to the full moon in the heavens,  
Then think of me and my little world!

Oh return not too late to me!  
Think how from night to night the moon wanes,  
And how, at length, with the pale forehead of an old woman,  
She fades from the heavens . . .

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### EPITAPH TO A WARRIOR.

Out of the snow come the anemones.  
Youth toys with its own heart . . . then weeps.  
But we, who are under the earth,  
Know not the rising, nor the setting sun.  
And still the river flows from the hills,  
And moon-rays rest on beautiful maidens,  
The autumn brings her golden harvest,  
Eternally the crickets chirp in the grass.  
How many rode their horses into battle!  
The glory of that has passed away.  
What remains of heroes? A dank mound,  
Where weeds stand, red as fire.

CONFUCIUS.  
(551-478 B. C.)

## MISCELLANY.

To drop in at Mr. Jerome Blum's exhibition at the Anderson Galleries is suddenly to exchange the leaden sky and the murky streets—the best that New York has to offer, this drizzly March—for the radiant light and warmth of the tropics. Mr. Blum's impressions of Tahiti are recorded in a considerable group of paintings and drawings, and he does not stop with the mere noting of impressions, but carries his canvases on to a point of completion where they may well claim to be considered as finished pictures. It is a mark of his technical proficiency that he is able to go beyond the spontaneity of the mere out-of-door sketch, and yet retain the full brilliancy of colour that he saw in the dazzling light of the South Sea Islands. As one looked past the curtains that separated Mr. Blum's exhibition from that in the adjacent gallery, one saw the picture at the centre of the wall, isolated by the dark frame of the hanging velvet; and under the glare of the electric light, the vermilions and light yellows and light greens seemed almost to be illuminated from within, like a piece of stained glass.

PERHAPS had Mr. Blum been born in the thirteenth instead of the nineteenth century, he would have been a worker in stained glass, and the enviable retinal sensitiveness which permits him his exact notations of hue, would have been of the utmost value in the workshops where the great windows of the cathedrals were made. These workshops derived their idea of colour from the Orient, and it is again the Orient that has spoken to the American painter whose work is before us. But when Europe adopted the amazing tints employed upon painting and pottery and weaving in the Lands of the Morning—to use the charming German phrase—a sea-change took place, and the stained glass of our Gothic artists is so rich and strange, so different from the things of the Orient, that one probably does not realize that the relationship exists until the historian tells one that it does. The characteristic of the European mind is its need to infuse a living idea into whatever material or form it uses; and it is because Mr. Blum is less successful at expressing this characteristic than in his control of brilliant pigment, that one is restrained from giving unrestrained admiration to his work. He has not set out to do again what Gauguin did in his pictures of the Odorous Island; but neither has he achieved the new values that would prevent us from thinking of the artist who first took us to Tahiti.

IN writing thus of an able and sincere painter, I am trying to heed the demand that Mr. John Butler Yeats made for "exacting criticism" in this country. Among the sayings of the deep and kindly old sage who has just gone from us, is this one—which by the way, is a favourite with Mr. John Sloan, who knew and appreciated Mr. Yeats as but few men did—"Criticism should be exacting, as a mother is about her daughter's party-gown. There is no question, of course, of comparing her girl with the girl over the way; it is understood that no other woman's daughter is to be thought of with her own. But as the girl turns this way and that to let her frock be inspected for the last time, the mother's eye is severe as no other is, in watching for any infelicity in the hang of it, any improvement to be made by the change of a bow or a ribbon: and so it is the kindest critic that is the hardest to please." It is because one believes that things of value are being done by our artists that one would constantly demand more of them.

ONE approaches modern British music, as represented in its best estate by Elgar's "Enigma Variations," with a new respect after one has listened to Mr. Ernest Schelling's "Impressions from an Artist's Life" which with its initialled references to his friends and experiences, inevitably suggests the idea which Elgar carried out so brilliantly. Mr. Schelling, pompous and bombastic,

employs every muscle of his technical facility in going through a tiresome programme of gyrations. He would lead his hearers through the various moods suggested by the subjects of the respective variations, but not one of these conveys any meaning without the explanatory notes, though of course the castanets always suggest Spain, the oboe a pastoral scene, and the drums and brasses martial thoughts. If good wine needs no bush, certainly good music requires no labels; and even five stars on Mr. Schelling's "Variations" would leave them as nondescript as they are. Dexterous and ingenious though the work be, his tricks are neither original nor yet are they first-rate imitations. Above all, his composition is without beauty or charm. One might forgive the absence of novelty if Mr. Schelling offered engaging thematic material, and nowadays one is even ready to forgive the absence of melody if the presentation be sufficiently skilful; but unfortunately these variations make no valid claim to notable skill or loveliness.

THE work is written for orchestra, with an occasional dash of pianoforte, but it suggests no new argument for perpetuating the illegitimate union which survives in certain concertos, partly because of tradition, partly because of the beauty that inheres in examples of that form by some of the great masters, and partly because virtuosos demand a medium for florid display. Here the piano is used as an accessory to the orchestra, but the result serves but to confirm the incongruity of the combination. The Philharmonic Society presented the composition twice in New York, and the record has it that the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed it a few years ago. It is almost safe to predict that Mr. Schelling's composition will be relegated to the same obscurity in which countless grandiloquent tragedies of ambitious playwrights rest. Perhaps some bespectacled New Zealander of the twenty-first century will dig it out and use it as the subject of a monograph on the vagaries of the North American during the early industrial era. He may even point to the "Pittsburgh" variation to corroborate the suspicion that American music was corroded by the smoke and fumes of our industrial age.

IN matters of letters and art, competitions, symposiums and questionnaires serve to bewilder rather than to illuminate. On a rising tide of reading, according to recent statements to the Book-Publishers' Association, we find a heavy demand for books representing widely varying appetites. What conclusions concerning the quality of public taste are to be drawn from the fact that both H. G. Wells and H. B. Wright ran into large figures? What are we to infer from the parallel popularity of Lytton Strachey and Hall Caine? Certainly it is a weak argument in support of the theory that the people are reading better books, to say that in the past such writers as Wells and Strachey would not even have appeared among the popular authors. We are likely to forget the capacity of our grandfathers in the matter of book-consumption, to use the publishers' term. As long ago as 1855, when the third and fourth volumes of Macauley's History appeared, 73,000 copies were sold in New York in ten days, and 25,000 in Philadelphia. In the last seventy years how many novels have equalled that record?

THE determination of taste in popular reading is shrouded in mysterious difficulties, and every attempt to ascertain the truth complicates the problem. The birth-rate, unemployment, the cotton-crop, can be explained by charts and figures, but in the domain of art and letters the efficiency-engineer's formulæ avail not. Last year the New York *Outlook* asked its readers to name their favourite authors. One may have one's own opinion of the *Outlook*, but who would have expected (in 1921) to find Rudyard Kipling getting under the wire first, with Booth Tarkington next, and a poor second at that? This is not to criticize Messrs. Kipling and Tarkington unfavourably. They are estimable writers of great talent. Nor is it to reflect darkly on *Outlook* readers. Who is

so foolish as to dispute matters of taste? The *Freeman's* readers would have voted differently, we do not doubt, but one would indeed be bold to predict the result of a plebiscite taken even among them.

ARE there not two classes among readers of to-day? The fiction-magazines such as the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Red Book*, the *Cosmopolitan* and others that keep a keen eye on the sales-department, are read by people who enjoy their sort of thing. Rumour, extravagant probably, as usual, has it that a novelist received \$40,000 for the serial rights to his story now running in a prominent monthly that may be found on several hundred thousand sewing-machines. There was a reason for giving him such a fortune: the editors knew that his fame would attract subscribers. With books, the case seems different. Book-readers—those who buy books, not the girls in the subway on their way to work, who pore over Augusta Evans Wilson and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, borrowed from the public library—affect a superiority to their brothers and sisters who frankly get what they want from magazines, and they choose their literary entertainment with one eye on their social circle.

AT bridge, while the cards are being dealt, some one may ask, "Have you read Blank's latest?" To say no, if Blank is being advertised, or if Messrs. Hansen, Preston, Weaver, Bishop, Broun, Hackett, Mencken, *et al.* are commenting on him, is to confess being behind the times, just as if one's skirt measures eight inches from the floor after the Queensberry of the modes has decreed that six inches is the standard height. If it is not true that most "best sellers" are sold to people who want to be able to say that they have read them, why is it that the booksellers at their convention last year, smiled approvingly when Mrs. May Lamberton Becker averred that the best-selling book of the day was the least-liked book?

THE love of reading can not be forced; the same people who can be made to chew Wrigley's gum and smoke a new brand of cigarettes, may be intimidated into reading the novel of the day; but the fact of their reading it or not reading it does not at all help one in the task of determining the level of general culture. The standards to be applied are not those of the voting-booth; they are not quantitative, and they bear no relation to the passing fashions. The quality of our books and the effect of universal reading, due to the decrease of illiteracy and cheapness of production, may be assessed by the historian who examines the conduct of the race. Our current estimates have little value.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### THE ECONOMICS OF BROADWAY.

A NUMBER of good people have of late expressed grave concern over the morals of Broadway. Pastors have thundered that the theatre was never in so vile a state; societies organized to make vice difficult, but which generally end by making virtue odious, have threatened a censorship; and there is, in general, a hullabaloo, which has to me, an old stager, a strangely familiar sound. Of course, if our stage is to be absolutely pure, there seems nothing for it but to dramatize Royal Baking Powder and the Rollo Books, and call it a day. But if we are willing to grant to the poor normal man his much craved portion of vulgarity, and can remain calm enough to look facts in the face, we have to admit that our theatre for the past three years, including the present season, has shown a higher average of interesting, significant plays, of a wider variety than ever before in its history; while there have been many occasions in the past when the vulgar or salacious dramas and exhibitions were proportionately far more in number. The morals of Broadway, even its manners, are at present rather better than normal.

It might, however, be worth some reformer's while, if he really desired to improve our drama, to look into the economics of Broadway. In spite of the great increase of late years in the number of theatres, rents have continued to rise, reaching their peak a season ago. They have dropped a little at present, with the slump in theatrical business, but better times would bring them speedily up again. Roughly speaking, the minimum rent per week for a desirable Broadway theatre is \$4000. The producer of a play has to guarantee that amount. As it costs probably \$2000 a week to pay the actors in an average cast, and another \$1000 to pay for advertising and overhead, and as the producer must also get back the \$20,000 or \$30,000 it cost him to mount the play and "try it out" on the road before bringing it into New York, the ordinary production on Broadway needs to take in at least \$8000 a week even to clear legitimate expenses, without a cent of profit. If the cast contains a star-player, or is a large one, or if the scenery is elaborate and expensive, \$10,000 is nearer the mark. A musical comedy, indeed, must take in much more than that. Furthermore, if the play is to enjoy any success on tour through the country, it must first remain in New York for many weeks, to gain what seems to be an essential "metropolitan endorsement." In other words, if the producer does not want to "go broke," he must find a play which will practically sell out a Broadway theatre for three or four months, at a scale of prices that many people already regard as exorbitant. And the major item in his costs is rent—an item sometimes reaching fifty per cent of his total.

Is it any wonder that certain theatrical producers have ceased to produce, and have become real-estate speculators, letting the other fellows put on the plays, while they pocket the rents? On Broadway, too, speculation has reached, at some points, ridiculous limits. There are houses built on land leased from a man who leased it from a man who leased it from a man who leased it from Astor—and each lessor, save the last, does and has done nothing to increase its real value. He merely feeds on the public.

Should, however, a producer be fortunate enough to own his theatre and the land on which it stands, he is not vastly better off. It is doubtful if a new theatre can be erected to-day in the Broadway district, including the land-purchase, for less than \$500,000. A ten-per-cent charge against this would bring the equivalent of rent to well over \$1000 a week (because at least two months of summer must be counted out), and another \$1000 at least must be added for light, heat, cleaning, music, and house-salaries. When you consider the fact that about two out of every three plays produced on Broadway this season have either failed outright or barely paid running-expenses, and that consequently every successful play has to carry on its shoulders the losses from one or two other ventures, it is rather easy to see that a theatrical producer to-day may well be forgiven if he does not experiment overmuch with the new, the untried, but seeks always to find such plays as he thinks from past experience will bring the largest number of patrons into his playhouse. He produces for the greatest common denominator in sheer self-defence, and when he has a success, he joyously jumps the seats up to five dollars and makes hay while the sun shines.

But, the reader will ask, if this is so, how do you reconcile the fact with your earlier statement that recent seasons have brought so many good plays, in such variety? Quite easily. The rise in rents has enriched the older theatre-managers who controlled

theatres already built, enabling them to build new ones and become speculators in real estate, rather than producers. At the same time, the modern intelligent interest in the theatre-arts, fostered by our universities and a hundred other agencies, has filled young men with a desire to produce new and interesting plays. The speculators have let these newcomers lease the theatres—as long as they could pay the rent. The newcomers experimented. The public benefited thereby. But, alas!—and this has not been commented on—one by one the newcomers, in plain language, went broke. Others have taken their places; but without any guarantee that they also will not go broke. A very few seasons of this, and the crop of newcomers will grow smaller. It is too wasteful and discouraging a process.

Another explanation is found in the rise of experimental theatrical groups which could produce cheaply, for one reason or another, and thus test out various plays till those were found which had a popular appeal. The Provincetown Players, semi-amateurs, working in an old dwelling on Macdougal Street, at a rental that would not pay the orchestra in an uptown theatre, gave Eugene O'Neill to Broadway. The Theatre Guild, by producing under a co-operative scheme in a theatre off the beaten track (the Garrick); by building up a list of subscribers so that any experiment was sure to enjoy at least one week of patronage; by eliminating out-of-town try-outs; and by ingenious scenic devices reducing the initial cost of a production, have given seventeen plays in three years, nearly all of them good plays, and many of them exceptional plays.

The methods of the Theatre Guild suggest, it seems to me, the most hopeful plan for overcoming the tremendous economic handicap to free experiment, to a creative theatre, on Broadway. In Boston there is a private library, called the Athenaeum, which ranks among the first half-dozen libraries of the country. Those who use it are shareholders. A share of stock sells far above par, yet it pays no dividend. Instead, annual dues of fifty dollars are assessed against it. The dividends are found in the free enjoyment of a splendid library. Suppose the Theatre Guild—using that organization as an illustration because it is already existent and has public confidence—should plan to build a co-operative theatre with the public. They now have three thousand subscribers. If each subscriber took one share of stock, at \$100, and against that share was assessed annually a subscription for seats to a certain number of performances, the Guild would have \$300,000 as a building-fund, and an assured, if small, audience. It would not be necessary to place the theatre as close to Broadway as an ordinary playhouse would have to be; thus the land-cost could be reduced. The outside of the house would be severely plain, and the inside plain, also, but roomy, with ample lobbies, retiring rooms, and a comfortable gallery, for which, perhaps, shareholders could subscribe in smaller amounts. If the Guild had some surplus of its own to start with, it might well happen that this house could be opened, carrying, let us say, only \$100,000 of mortgage. The weekly interest-charge on that would be a trifle compared to the present item of rent. It would mean that the Guild would be much freer to experiment, it would mean that they could achieve a really modern stage to work with, it would mean an audience co-operatively concerned with their success, and it would mean for the general public the best playhouse in our history.

At present, the Guild have to meet the item of rent,

like anybody else, and in return they get a small, crowded, dirty theatre, with a small, antiquated stage. It is often assumed that they pay very little for the Garrick, but considering its seating-capacity and its remoteness, this is not true. They pay proportionately at the regular rates. They have been able to accomplish so much because their actors work for small fixed salaries, sharing co-operatively if the play becomes a popular success; because the producers, play-readers, designers and executives also work for small salaries—even at times for none at all—also co-operatively sharing in a success; and because the confidence of the public, evidenced by the three thousand subscribers, has enabled them to pay the costs, or nearly the costs, even of their failures. If the fixed charge for rent were removed, and that amount of money put into modern stage-equipment—fancy a Guild production if Mr. Lee Simonson had a plaster-dome to play with!—it is quite possible to believe that the Guild could give us a vital, creative theatre which would stand up to any on the Continent.

Such a dream can not be realized, however, without an extension of its co-operative features to include the interested public, and whether the public would be sufficiently interested to respond is of course an open question. Personally, I believe that they would, and that such a co-operative theatre is now possible in New York. At any rate, it is we who have created the land-values which have boosted rents to such an impossible point, and it is we, in one way or another, who must furnish the relief.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### A PROTEST FROM THE FILICOPHILES.

SIRS: All good filicophiles will henceforth eschew the last pages of the *Freeman*, for in its issue of 8 March your Reviewer compares Colonel Higginson wandering about the country-side collecting ferns with Miss Palfrey riding her tricycle about Fresh Pond, and remarks that the latter picture belongs to the heroic age, the former to "the age of the potter."

Potterer indeed! Your Reviewer, sitting with his feet on a steam-radiator while he reads the biographies of the epigones, calls fern-collectors potterers! Obviously he has never dived behind a waterfall to collect a particularly luxuriant specimen of the *Phegopteris hexagonoptera*; nor slid off a shale-cliff into a pool just as he had reached a withered clump of the Rusty Woodsia (*Woodsia ilvensis*); nor clung by torn fingernails to a limestone cliff while gloating over the *Pellaea atropurpurea*; nor sunk to his knees in a bog while pursuing the *Woodwardia virginica*. I doubt whether he has even made an open-air bed of the *Dicksonia pilosiuscula*. He probably calls a Christmas fern, when he meets it shining in the winter woods, "Boston fern."

Pfui! Tricycling may be heroic compared with book-reviewing, but scorn not the fern-collector. I am, etc.,

L. S. G.

### A HIGHER CRITIC OF LITERATURE.

SIRS: Wilfrid Scawen Blunt is one of the major prophets of liberalism, English and American—or is he? Say rather, one of its higher critics. The higher critic's function is to allow a stream of fresh thought to play upon the world's mythologies, new and old. Mr. Dooley, in his day, was the Rabelais of liberalism, if not its Voltaire.

From this pair of authorities I proceed to quote some remarks for the benefit of such liberals as those who revel in the golden twilight and mellow pipe-dreams of the newer mythology. My quotations from Mr. Blunt's recently published *Diaries* will be quite timely in view of the posture of affairs in that part of His Britannic Majesty's dominions which is called Egypt.

In "My Diaries" (vol. 2) under date of 25 April, 1910, is the following entry:

The Egyptian papers have been full of Roosevelt's adventures at Cairo, and the speech he made to University students in praise of

British rule. He is a buffoon of the lowest American type, and roused the fury of young Egypt to the boiling-point; and it is probable that if he had not cleared straight out of the country there would have been mischief. From Egypt he went on to Rome, and had a quarrel with the Pope, and he is now at Paris, airing his fooleries and is to go to Berlin, a kind of mad dog roaming the world.

This is from "My Diaries" (vol. 2, page 312) under date 2 June, 1912:

That swine, Roosevelt, has made another speech, this time at the Mansion House (London) worse than before. I have written a short answer to it for the *Westminster Gazette*, but I doubt if they will publish it. All the Tory papers are in delight at the speech, and the *Daily Telegraph* demands the recall of Gorst and the dragooning of Egypt after the severest Cromerian manner.

Those were the days, were they not, of "Standing at Armageddon to battle for the Lord"? Before those days some indiscreet admirer of the Colonel surmised that he would wipe the Spanish army and navy off the map "at wan blow." "Yis," quoth Mr. Dooley, "wan blow; and it will be the damdest blow since the year of the big wind."

To rail at subtleties, to pry too closely into the mythologies of capitalistic imperialism nowadays is to be Russian or Sinn Fein, or Red or pinkish-Radical. The periodicals and newspapers that used to print Mr. Dooley's philosophical reflections have become, via the Wall Street route, the very oracles of the gods. But, after all, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, anyhow, is still quite respectable, isn't he? So let our Liberals speak up about his higher criticism of their mythologies. I am, etc.,  
Lincoln, Nebraska.

P. A. FORDE.

#### "A CRITIQUE OF IDEALISM."

SIRS: A few days ago I read, with absorbed interest, Mr. Bertrand Russell's article in your issue of 8 March. The next morning, with equally absorbed interest—plus considerable amazement and some respectful admiration—I read an editorial in the *New York Times* entitled "A Critique of Idealism" in which the writer related how Mr. Russell evidently regarded the radicals of the United States as feeble in their doctrines. True enough, perhaps, but how did the editorial writer of the *Times* get it from the article in question?

"Jack be nimble! Jack be quick!" "Here," one can imagine the editor saying to himself, "is where I jump over the candle-stick"—and he did. But the jump was a large and generous gesture—dignified, too, as becomes an editor of the *Times*. "Even if they [Mr. Russell's American readers] are irritated, they ought to be open-minded enough to ask themselves if there is not much truth in Mr. Russell's critique of their idealism." Is the *Times* subtle? Or did the editor write that with his tongue in his cheek, and his fingers crossed, and the pious hope in his heart that nine out of every ten who read his piece hadn't read and wouldn't read the real article?

Harking back to the article in question, one is struck by Mr. Russell's prescience. Of the two qualities which he considers of supreme importance, one is love of truth. "I find love of truth obscured in America by commercialism, of which pragmatism is the philosophical expression." It is, indeed, as the *Freeman* so frequently observes, to laugh. I am, etc.,  
New York City.

ALICE E. VAN TUYL.

#### THE HISTORIANS REPEAT THEMSELVES.

SIRS: To one who has browsed through the *Edinburgh Reviews* and the *Quarterly* of sixty and more years ago, and has read the laudatory reviews of Buckle's "History of Civilization," the pean of praise now being raised in favour of Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," seems like a repetition. But who reads Buckle now? In Disraeli's novel, "Tancred," (Book I, ch. 8) there is a clever page which seems to me not without applicability to the present vogue of Mr. Wells:

Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand and said: "Do you know this?" And Tancred opening a volume which he had never seen and then turning to its title-page found it was 'The Revelations of Chaos,' a startling work just published and of which a rumour had reached him.

"No," he replied, "I have not seen it."

"I will lend it to you if you like: it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style."

"It explains everything," said Tancred. "It must indeed be a very remarkable book."

"I think it will just suit you," said Lady Constance. "Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it."

"To judge from the title the subject is rather obscure," said Tancred.

"No longer so," said Lady Constance. "It is treated scientifically: everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way it shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty. A cluster of vapour, the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese turned into light. You must read it, 'tis charming."

"Nobody ever saw a star formed," said Tancred.

"Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations'; it is all explained. But what is most interesting is the way in which man has been developed. You know all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forgot

the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came, let me see, did we come next? Never mind that, we came at last. . . . Ah, that's it, we were fishes. . . . But you must read it."

"I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancred.

"Oh, but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing, and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved: by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before; what comes next."

When the great English historian, Bishop Stubbs, was asked what he thought of Buckle, he answered: "I do not believe in the philosophy of history, so I do not believe in Mr. Buckle." The root of Mr. Wells's work is not science so much as Marxian socialism, though both are represented, and as I do not believe in socialism I can not believe in Mr. Wells. I am, etc.,  
Chicago, Illinois.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

#### TURKOPHOBÉ PROPAGANDA.

SIRS: Have you noticed that a new campaign against Turkey has been launched in the press of this country? In the leading New York newspapers, special articles and editorials are appearing in which all the old catch-words reappear: "Christian persecutions and massacres," "the Turk's fanatical hardness," "his blood-addiction," "the unspeakable Turk," "the terrible Armenian massacres," "running amuck among Christians," etc. Evidently there are forces at work that are trying desperately to revive that old political bogey, "the bloodthirsty Turk"; and all that has been done to lay that phantom to its well-deserved rest by the reports of the Carnegie Commission and the Rockefeller Investigation, by Pierre Loti's books, and by the "Yellow Book" of Cambon (one-time French ambassador to Constantinople) are coolly ignored.

With the appearance of this Turkophobe propaganda, comes news from Athens, stating that the Greek Ministry has arranged a British loan of fifteen million pounds sterling to Greece, "on condition that the greatest possible part of this amount be used in the purchase of English products." In addition to this, a high official of the Greek Government is now in this country, trying to raise additional funds over here. It is clear that the British Government is urging the Greeks in spite of their misery and poverty to start a third campaign against the Turkish Nationalists in the spring, and is seeking America's moral and financial support. Putting two and two together, it is easy to explain the renewed fervour with which hatred for the Turk and his religion is being preached in certain quarters, for hatred is the only emotion that will stir most people to the point of offering their money and their lives at the call of their Governments. I am, etc.,  
Yonkers, New York.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

#### BOOKS.

##### GEORGES-JACQUES DANTON.

"LATIN without Tears"—and Revolution without bloodshed; or so, at least, it often seems to the reader who is making his way through the latest<sup>1</sup> of Louis Madelin's books on eighteenth-century France. M. Madelin is indeed a "man of letters": throughout his volume documents rustle; newspapers yelp; clubs, "sections," assemblies and conventions ring with oratory, liberally italicized—everywhere "the word." Violence and death are reduced to mere incidents in the background. Even the stirring and fateful Tenth of August, with the march of the Sections on the Tuilleries, the massacre of the Swiss Guard, and the apprehension of the royal family, is expressed chiefly by a full-page presentation of a contemporary etching. M. Madelin would probably reply that the most salient aspects of the day had been adequately treated already in his other books. Instead of restating public horrors he gives us some idea of the terrors that assailed Gabrielle Danton and Lucile Desmoulins in the absence of their husbands—a better line, perhaps.

Before this verbal tapestry stands the vast, ox-like figure of Danton himself. Properly enough, he fills the foreground—indeed, the whole proscenium. The great Tribune's vociferous roar of words is abundantly

<sup>1</sup> "Danton." Louis Madelin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

audible; but the deeds they prompted are oftenest reported, not witnessed—as in the Greek theatre.

No matter how many books of French history and French memoirs one may read, one never feels a diminishing sense of wonder at the completeness and confidence with which the French people have put themselves on the line, have read themselves into the record. The way to be talked about is surely to talk about yourself; the way to be remembered is surely to put yourself down in black and white. Is it at all likely that, a century or more after the event, the current revolution in Russia—that black cyclone on a far-distant steppe—will have established itself in the works of reference and in the consciousness of mankind as ineradicably as the events of '89 and '93 have done? Hardly. The barricades are too many: the Cyrillic alphabet; the remoteness of a society still semi-Asiatic; above all, the lack of a full articulateness to sound in Western ears. Though thousands perished in the one country to hundreds in the other, the Russian Revolution is likely to range with the multitudinous Oriental upsets that have preceded it. The Chapelle Expiatoire, in the Boulevard Haussmann, will continue to eclipse the sinister country-house at Ekaterinburg, beyond the Urals; and years from now we shall still be explaining Lenin by means of Danton, rather than Danton by means of Lenin.

The germination of the acorn—to fall back rather abjectly upon the tritest of metaphors—is of vastly more import and interest than the subsequent growth of the oak. The process is indeed important; yet we continue to ask, Where and how did the process begin? For Danton the process began in the Cordeliers District, shortly after his arrival in Paris from obscure and somnolent Arcis, a country town charmingly rendered by the author in his introductory chapter. The Cordeliers District, one of the sixty into which the city was divided, lay on the Left Bank, in the vicinity of the Odéon and the Sorbonne. It swarmed with lawyers, printers, booksellers, writers, actors—the intelligentsia of the day, in fact; and all of these were disposed to embrace the day's new ideas with the utmost eagerness. In this District was evolved the "Republic of the Cordeliers"—an *imperium* (in those anarchic days) within an *imperium*. The soul of this "republic" was the Cordeliers' Club, and the mainspring of the club was Georges-Jacques Danton, who had forced himself into its presidency with short loss of time. Here the talk was uniquely and incessantly of the virtues and dues and demands of "*Le Peuple*." If "*Le Peuple*" had not existed, it would have been necessary—paraphrasing Voltaire—to invent it. But it did exist: a rabid and lawless minority, swarming from out the by-ways of the capital—and it served.

Yet Danton, essentially of the provincial burgher class, took his own time about becoming a "republican." Through several stirring years he was really less a republican than a Nationalist. He was as strongly for a "French Rhine" as any of the fantasticals of to-day. Whether or not he saw France steadily, he at least saw it whole. Plutarch and Corneille had indeed had their way with him, yet his republicanism remained for awhile purely theoretical and platonic. It seems certain that he would have succeeded Louis XVI by Philippe Egalité, and that even behind Philippe he held in reserve Philippe's son (later to be the "citizen king" of 1830), one of the young heroes of Valmy and '92. M. Madelin maintains that Danton was always an Orleanist, and was at times in the Duc d'Orleans's pay. True, he discredits most of the witnesses, but he draws with fatal effectiveness upon the documents.

In the matter of the September Massacres, M. Madelin is a shade less severe. "The best we can say, on the whole, is that Danton allowed the 'royalist' prisoners to be murdered without feeling any sense of indignation or making any attempt to put a stop to the bloodshed. . . . He may not have been guilty of the massacres, but . . . he assumed the responsibility for them; and of that responsibility we are unable, in all justice, to relieve him."

The author does careful justice to Danton's attitude towards the Girondins. He still hoped to suppress them, expelling them from the Convention: he was by no means bent on their deaths, or even on their imprisonment. But in the end these impracticables drove him to his choice—the choice between Brissot and Robespierre. And Robespierre did for him, in the end, what he felt certain Brissot was likely to do.

Yes, this revolution, which he would have "steadied," was rushing on like a wild beast, and he who had forged every instrument of its progressing power and tyranny—the levies, the revolutionary armies, the Committee of Public Safety, the Revolutionary Tribunal—was now to fall a victim. His trial was a fantastic farce. And, as one of the anomalies of that anomalous time, no record of his defence remains. However, M. Madelin, with his incorrigible preference for the word over the deed, conveys, through some ten long pages, an adequate sense of Danton's use of his tongue to save his life. But no words sufficed against a pre-arranged decision. For Fouquier-Tinville was in the foreground, denouncing; and behind Fouquier was Saint-Just, who drew up the accusation; and behind Saint-Just was Robespierre, the moving force of all. Danton passed out, several months under thirty-five—and with him Desmoulins, of the same age. Three months later went Robespierre, at thirty-six, accompanied by Saint-Just, at twenty-seven. Truly, "the Revolution devoured its offspring"—and betimes.

M. Madelin has his period at his finger-tips and moves confidently through his dates and documents. Nor should the impression prevail that he presents his hero rather as an orator than as a man. The burly frame, the facial ugliness, the moral laxity—none of these is slighted. Along with them go all the complexities and contradictions of Danton's character: he was at once violent and feeble; bloodthirsty and mild; ambitious and restless, yet constantly yearning for the quietude of the country and the peace of domestic life. The translation, obtrusively such in the opening pages, soon reaches a degree of ease and of complete acceptability. The illustrations, though by no means numerous, really illustrate.

HENRY B. FULLER.

#### A SURVEY OF SOCIAL REFORM.

HERE is a little book that deals with more "roads to freedom" than Mr. Bertrand Russell could find room for in his philosophy. The author, or more properly the compiler, of this volume on "Modern Social Movements"<sup>1</sup> has entered the field of controversy, not as a disputant, but as a bibliographer first, and afterwards as an expositor. It is a difficult task to treat in a few explanatory paragraphs the theoretical and practical phases of any important social movement, and one can hardly expect that the attempt will be productive of satisfactory results in every case. Mr. Zimand's treatment of the single tax is notably defective, from any point of view; he omits from both text and bibliography all mention of Quesnay and the other physiocrats, of David Ricardo, and of John Stuart Mill; and indeed, he treats the whole

<sup>1</sup> "Modern Social Movements: Descriptive Summaries and Bibliographies." Savel Zimand. New York: The H. W. Wilson Co. \$1.80.

theory as though it had sprung full-grown from the brain of Henry George. He might with equal propriety have excluded the names of Saint-Simon and Fourier from his paragraphs on socialism, and this he certainly did not do. Again, the discussion on bolshevism proves to be inadequate, unless it occurs to one to supplement it by reading what Mr. Zimand says about conditions in Russia, in the sections on trade unionism and the co-operative movement. These two sections, with those on socialism and syndicalism, are well reinforced with statistical estimates of the strength of these movements in several countries, and form perhaps the most satisfactory portions of the text. When the text is under discussion, however, it is to be remembered that this volume is not intended for summer porch-reading; the chapters on the various movements are simply so many annexes to the bibliographies that form the solid substance of the work. When one considers the book-lists, one discovers that Christian socialism, having been denied all consideration in the text, is dismissed with a brevity of treatment scarcely befitting the strength of the Social Catholic movement in France, Germany, Austria and Italy. Bishop von Ketteler's name appears, but Count de Mun and the other French Social Catholics are not mentioned. In view of the amount of attention which Mr. Zimand gives to "scientific socialism" and its variants, a more surprising omission is that of Marx's "Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," the introduction to which embodies one of the clearest of all statements of the Marxian social philosophy. Still, when all is said and done, it remains true that in the preparation of lists so extensive and so conveniently arranged as these, Mr. Zimand has done something very much worth doing. This is true, in spite of the fact that one can not find in any single social movement here discussed, or in any combination of these movements, an adequate explanation of the most striking social phenomenon of the time—the development of the new Statism. The reason for this apparent inadequacy in the scope of Mr. Zimand's work is that he deals only with those social movements which are guided by coherent bodies of theory; whereas the effective demand for the expansion of governmental activities has come most often from people who are possessed of no general social theory of any sort. It is precisely this condition that gives the volume its chief practical value. A generous employment of this guide to social guide-books will help to eliminate a prevalent aimlessness in large matters, which makes it now quite impossible to account for social phenomena in terms of social programmes.

GEROID TANQUARY ROBINSON.

### "THIS MAN LENIN."

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON says: "The very ink with which all history is written is merely fluid prejudice." The ink is blackest when the subject is contemporaneous history and the personalities of living men. The records are jumbled and incomplete, as they come hot from the fray, and a biographer who has been near enough to the conflict to have information and convictions worth listening to can not be expected to cool the material and give it solid shape; rather he increases the heat, so that the innocent spectator, whose chief sin is curiosity, has to squint through the blaze and vapour of the historian in an effort to see the great fire. There is a double distortion—a multiple distortion, since the spectator himself is sure to have some defect of vision.

In the case of Lenin and his most distressful country we can not hope to see clearly. At the age of fifty-two the Russian Premier is a hero and a monster, the wisest statesman in the world and a narrow-minded fanatic, servant of a noble ideal and a brutal egoist, Marius, Torquemada, Danton, Kaiser Wilhelm, Rienzi, Satan, Savonarola, Lincoln, Benedict Arnold, Debs, and others, either one at a time or all mixed up. Certainly this Mr. Vladimir Oulianov is an interesting person! M. Landau-Aldanov, a recent biographer, hates him and is therefore

more trustworthy than one who idolizes him. Since an impartial account is not possible at present and we must choose between adoration and hostility, it is wiser to confide in hostility, to make allowances for it, and to see what is left of a man after his enemy has written a book. Lenin comes through this book,<sup>1</sup> with head bloody but unbowed and with hands bloody but without a streak of yellow on the palm.

Let us sum up the indictment and the argument of this attorney for the prosecution, M. Landau-Aldanov: Lenin has done Russia more harm than any other man, even Nicholas II. He is a "doctrinaire who is perhaps not even very intelligent." He seems to lack entirely the quality of humour. He "lost the first Russian revolution" (that is, the revolution of 1905. The italic *lost* is in the English text). He is ignorant of philosophy and writes badly. "He has, in general, no literary talent . . . but undoubtedly he has read extensively in the field of economic science." He has changed his position many times and has contradicted himself from year to year. He is a "finished model of the professional soap-boxer" and no one will deny "the surpassing demagogic, the rare professional talent of this man Lenin." He is an "agile intellectual," leaping from thought to thought. In his attitude towards philosophy he has the "psychology of a monk of the Middle Ages." The coming into absolute power of a man who could write such a book as Lenin's on philosophy "is a very serious danger to our thirty centuries of civilization." "Calibanism in philosophy! Cannibalism in politics! That is what Lenin has given to the world." His great strength "lies in his ability to appeal to the lowest instincts of human nature." As publicist and orator "he is only second-rate." He is a "madman with a lunatic's cunning," a "Tartuffe" and an "impostor."

There is more to the same effect, but I have selected the best. We may ignore such minor charges as that Lenin is a past-master of mob psychology, that he has no mania for cubism in art and futurism in literature, that he was not a paid agent of the Germans, and that his intimates, including many who now disagree with him, are almost unanimous in recognizing his "personal disinterestedness." The warts and freckles do not count. Regard the portrait as the prosecuting attorney has painted it. It is the portrait of the greatest man that ever existed. One man who can lose a revolution. One man whose power can endanger thirty centuries of civilization. One man who gave Bolshevism to the world with all its cannibal-Caliban horror. One man who, with no sense of humour, no real knowledge of philosophy, no literary style, bosses a hundred million people. One man who is not very intelligent but is an agile intellectual. I do not believe it. My scepticism revolts against such hero-worship, such adulation, such myth-making. The gods can not afford to endow a mere man with divinity, and a biographer should not try to do what the gods have failed to do. One experiment that the gods, or the biographers, made about two thousand years ago has not proved satisfactory. The world is gullible and superstitious as it ever was, but we no longer deify our Cæsars.

It is impossible to tell how faithfully the English version of M. Landau-Aldanov's biography of Lenin reproduces the emphasis of the original; and much of the value of a controversial book depends on emphasis, on tone. The translation is anonymous. I think I detect an American accent in certain words and turns of phrase, such as "soapboxer," "near-Bolshevist," "junk," and I think I detect a disposition on the part of the translator not to soften any of the exaggerated lines that the Russian author drew. Translation introduces another distortion in addition to those that I have suggested. It would satisfy the spectator's curiosity, perhaps in a slight degree rectify his judgment, if the translator had put his name to his work and had given us a note about the author. We need all the light we can get on this subject, which is at once so dark and so flamboyant.

M. Landau-Aldanov says in his preface that he is a

<sup>1</sup> "Lenin." M. A. Landau-Aldanov. Authorized translation from the French. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

socialist, a counter-revolutionist, an anti-militarist, a member of the only party in Russia which has stuck to its original platform, of which one of the planks is "fidelity to alliances." The book was, as well as I can judge, written in French not earlier than 1919, not later than 1920. The author's declared hero is Jaurès, a noble and understandable man. His dramatic hero, drawn out of all human proportions, is Lenin, just as Milton's hero is Satan. Karl Marx is the Thor of the *Götterdämmerung*. "The past belongs to Marx; the present, alas, seems to belong to Lenin; I have some hope that the future may belong to Jaurès." "We do not want wars or revolutions, either to-day or in the future." But we have a revolution and we have Lenin and his associates. We should like to understand them. "Alas!" does not help us in the least. If we are to get an inkling of the future, we must size up the past, to which Jaurès by the rules of time belongs as certainly as Marx. We must be historians, philosophic in intention and method.

There is a philosophic idea which Marx developed over and over again, which Jaurès understood, which Lenin understands. No one man single-handed makes history or controls events. The past does not belong to Marx. The present does not belong to Lenin. The future does not belong to Jaurès. Lenin himself has said that if he were killed the course of events would not be changed. The one-man view of history is fallacious and obsolete, discarded by all competent students, even by the despised professors in our capitalistic, reactionary, bourgeois universities. Nobody from the most securely seated pundit in Stars and Stripes University to the most outrageous fellow now in prison for his political opinions—nobody of any sense would agree with our author when he says that "almost all the elements involved in the desperate social struggle now raging over the four corners of Europe, go back to a single man: Karl Marx." If Marx could hear that he would say—I dare put the words under his beard: "You go back by the British Museum and study some more yet a while longer." As for Lenin, who can hear it, he is probably laughing, though he has no sense of humour.

JOHN MACY.

### THE SICKNESS OF EUROPE.

THE authors of "America and the Balance Sheet of Europe"<sup>1</sup> form a happy combination. Mr. Bass is an old and experienced journalist familiar with the ways of the street and acquainted with European politics at first hand. Mr. Moulton is a trained economist, at home with the test-tube and microscope, and yet always guided by a practical outlook. Their volume is frankly a thesis and an appeal. They do not try to take us unawares and lead us cleverly up to a preconceived inevitable. They believe the world is sick. They have a remedy. They think they know how it can be forced down the throat of the patient.

They are guided in their diagnosis by certain definite signs. They show that European exchanges are depreciated and that the derangement can not be cured by any paper legerdemain because it springs from disordered trade. They adduce the latest figures to prove that the basis of international health, namely: international trade, is in a bad way. They confute the optimists who return from a few weeks tour of Europe and announce at the dock the cheery thought that "the worst is over and we are now on the up-grade." On the contrary, our authors assert after a statistical survey, that "Europe is not as yet coming back; on the contrary, the real economic aftermath of the war is now making itself felt." Exchange depends on trade, and trade, if considered in terms of goods, instead of inflated war-prices and currencies, is flat on its back.

Finances in Europe are worse than trade. They are not only prostrate. They are almost ready for the *chant du cygne*. National debts rise higher every year. England is the only country that is seriously applying herself with a surgeon's resolve to the evils of mounting obligations.

The French debt of February, 1921, was just about twice the French debt on the day of the armistice, and other countries may look upon France with envy, for their burdens are piling up sky-high. No relief is in sight. The only question is just when the last straw will be laid upon the staggering camel. If debts are bad, budgets are worse. A survey of the figures, such as they are, shows that "not a single nation outside of Great Britain even nominally balanced its budget in 1920. Even neutrals are not making ends meet." The French deficit, counting reparation-expenditures as "recoverable," is about thirteen billion francs, the Italian deficit eighteen billion lire, the Polish deficit about twelve billion marks, and so on, with Germany limping far in the rear with a seventy-billion deficit, not counting reparations about due. Deficits are added to the debt and so both grow together like Siamese twins. The only question at issue is which one will die first.

As for the currency, the peasant humour is so serious that the patient is hourly in mortal peril of dissolution. Germany has seventy-seven billion marks afloat, with a gold reserve of about one billion. In 1914 the chief Powers of the world had five billion dollars worth of gold and eight billion dollars worth of paper outstanding. In 1920 their gold-holdings had not doubled but their note-issues were over sixty billions, not counting Russian adventures in the land of wood-pulp. Those who, two years ago, rushed in to buy European paper money and recently took hope from the report that the ratio of inflation was coming down, will be chilled to learn that the check in the rising tide of paper prosperity is due not to wisdom but to business depression.

On top of the financial disorders there is a general business depression except in Germany. Europe is suffering, as it did after the Napoleonic wars, from a panic with all of its concomitants—unemployment, starvation, and misery. Only agriculture shows gains over 1919. European working people are hungry because they have produced such a large stock of goods that they can not consume them—the old, comical paradox which baffles the bourgeois mind. The disease has spread to the United States, for, as our authors insist, the world is one grand economic unit.

The evils of a situation already painful to contemplate are aggravated by political and military factors. Europe is bound fast by the treaty of 1919, a compound of hopes, fears, cupidity, and asininity. Whatever may be said for it, and much may be said by its friends, it was not drawn primarily with a view to restoring at once the productive forces of Europe. France naturally enough wants protection and reparations. England is impatient to be on a "business-as-usual basis" and that means Germany at work. Germany can pay a large sum by way of reparations, but there is only one way under heaven for her to pay, and that is in goods. Now the producers of the Allied countries already have more goods than they can sell. Hence another grand comical paradox arises. Germany can not pay in gold because she does not have it. If she should turn over her present small sum of gold, German finance would come down in a smash. She can pay only in goods, and all the Allied countries, amid the cries of working-people begging for bread, shout above the storm: "No, we have too much of that kind of thing already." Even some of the politicians have learned this obvious fact.

The tale is not yet told. Our Allies owe us ten billion dollars or more. They can pay only in goods. But we are overstocked. Our tariff-carpenters and masons are busy raising our Chinese wall. We refuse, positively refuse, to be paid in the only things in which we can be paid, but yet we want our money. As some one might remark in a new edition of that charming story, "The Old Madhouse": "All is lost, save humour."

Now Mr. Bass and Mr. Moulton are profoundly moved by this state of things. They want to help the world out of the hole. They tell us, with a touch of dry sarcasm, that time may cure all things. It cured things for Babylon and Nineveh. They assure us that the continued extension

<sup>1</sup> "America and the Balance Sheet of Europe," John Foster Bass and Harold Glean Moulton. New York: The Ronald Press Co. \$3.00.

of American credits to Europe will not help the situation. Indeed it may make confusion worse confounded. They do not think that devices for extending our trade abroad will touch the fringe of the dilemma. They bluntly tell us that exchanges can not be stabilized until European budgets have been readjusted and until trade-balances are put on an even keel. Still more bluntly: "Foreign exchanges can not be stabilized so long as reparations and Allied debts require to be paid."

Here, then, is the bitter medicine they prescribe: (1) reparation-demands must be reduced and inter-European war-debts cancelled; (2) tariff-barriers must be reduced and government support for trade-promoters abandoned; (3) national budgets must be balanced, debts reduced, and paper money curtailed; (4) the United States must cancel the war-debts, reduce armaments, lend some more money to Europe for constructive purposes, and lower its tariffs; (5) there must be some kind of league of nations to manage, in a spirit of honesty and fairness, the common concerns of the world. The United States is in a strategic position to make Europe take notice and set her house in order. This is a large dose for a patient that has had about three hundred military operations, major and minor, since 1914. Still it might cure.

An alternative is also presented by our authors. The United States may let Europe stew in her own juice, go in for armaments and imperialism, and clean up everything in sight, now that the chief artists in that line are *hors de combat*.

There is always a question whether the strong can really help the weak without doing more harm than good. The chances are about even, so that the wise man can choose either one of these two prescriptions without incurring moral risk. Anyone who has been shrewd enough to put his money in American farm-mortgages can well afford to shut the doors and windows and let the storm rage. However, with other Americans who have invested abroad it may be different. The world is very much in the same position as the United States in 1787—commerce wrecked, finances disordered, paper money streaming from the press, debts unpaid, and business flat. Perhaps the bankers and security-holders of the world may get together and pull all mankind out of the slough of despond. Messrs. Morgan, Stinnes, Rathenau, Loucheur, Klotz, and the Rothschilds may be the worshipful world "fathers" of the twenty-first century, with Lenin and Harding enjoying the rôles of Daniel Shays and Luther Martin. Verily this is venturesome business—this living in a vale of tears.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

MR. TOMLINSON's sketches of "London River"<sup>1</sup> deal with the London which has been done into literature by Messrs. Conrad and Burke; that later London which Dickens, who wrote in the days of its greatest maritime activity, seems scarcely to have penetrated—unless perhaps, one accepts Captain Cuttle as part of the picture, and adds to it the escape of Magwitch in "Great Expectations." In "London River" there is much colour, of the local sort, in the pictures of the great section of river and slum that stretches below Tower Hamlets—pictures that have a photographic sharpness and lucidity. What one misses in this volume, however, is a personality, or failing that, in an old-fashioned sense of the word, a philosophy. It is not quite enough that Mr. Tomlinson should describe with such nice accuracy "The Foreshore" or "A Shipping Parish," or give amusing examples of the covert superstitions respected by hard-headed men. This is good observation, but it needs to be seasoned; somehow one feels that the pepper of Dickens, the salt of Mr. Conrad, or for that matter, the incense of Mr. Burke is lacking; and while Mr. Tomlinson's fare fills the bill, quantitatively speaking, the whole effect is nevertheless distinctly flat. What skill in English prose and apparently long years of observation can do to make up for this defect, Mr. Tomlinson does; and this, after all, is no mean compensation.

L. C. M.

THE four lectures that make up "The Nature of the Judicial Process"<sup>2</sup> show that Judge Cardozo is no formalist, but that

<sup>1</sup> "London River." H. H. Tomlinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

<sup>2</sup> "The Nature of the Judicial Process." Benjamin N. Cardozo. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.75.

on the contrary he belongs to the modern school of jurisprudence, which is more concerned with the achievement of justice than with adherence to precedent. Judge Cardozo recognizes that "the needs of successive generations may make restrictions imperative to-day which were vain and capricious to the vision of time past," and he argues that cases should be decided at all times in the interest of social welfare. Thus, for example, he implicitly takes exception to the famous and unpopular decision in the Ives case by the New York Court of Appeals, in his statement that "courts know to-day that statutes are to be viewed, not in isolation or *in vacuo*, as pronouncements of abstract principles for the guidance of an ideal community, but in the setting and the framework of present-day conditions, as revealed by the labour of economists and students of the social sciences in our own country and abroad." There is little trace of the court-room or the lecture-hall in these papers, which are written with much beauty of style; so that the book is a contribution not simply to jurisprudence but to general literature as well.

M. S. C.

JOANNA GODDEN is a modern woman of the type which flourished in the Middle Ages. Although Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's novel<sup>1</sup> begins in 1897 and follows the twentieth century for a dozen years or so, its quiet peasant atmosphere is suggestive of a past much more remote. In temperament and career, Joanna Godden resembles one of those early domineering abbesses who ruled over Whitby and Ely and made their abbeys prosperous and famous. Like some of the more venturesome of these pioneering Christian dames, Joanna is not so much rebellious as she is incorrigible. She was born to rule and by the grace of God she fulfils her destiny. Inheriting Little Ansore farm from her father, she adds to her domains by her own enterprise and daring until she is mistress of Ansore Manor and the most important personage in the Three Marshes. She despises the timidity of the Marsh farmers and plunges single-handed into bold experiments which usually succeed. When she fails, she picks herself up by no scared retrenchments but by the business methods of a St. Leoba or a Charley Schwab. There is a barbarous streak in her which comes out in her flashy dress, her yellow wagons, and the "lavish funeral" with which she buries old Stuppeny. There is tenderness as well, for Joanna is impressionable and has to fight temptation even as Martin Luther. Beneath her rigid stays and her hell-bent ambition, she has a loving heart which in the long run betrays her and redeems her. It is the fierce and bullying Joanna who softens with years and pain, while the soft, submissive little Ellen hardens through similar experiences into a proud Philistinism. The triumph of Joanna's tenderness is shown far less in her warm maternal hopes than in the pitying insight which she at last achieves for her little Cockney Don Juan, "the little singing clerk whom she had caught and would have put in a cage if he had not fluttered so terribly in her hands." It seems incongruous that a novel distinguished as this one is by such quietness and sincerity of feeling should be dedicated to the author of "Ursula Trent."

K. A.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

It is a curious fact, to be explained one of these days, that with every decade in our history American writers have been less and less able or willing to stay at home. Not until our own time have any of our *émigrés* discussed the question, or laid the blame on American civilization: that is a phenomenon of the present moment, which is also witnessing a counter-tendency (for while certain contemporary writers are deliberately quitting America, others are just as deliberately turning their backs on Europe). But the fact is important, and it has received little attention. Wars in this, as in other matters, have been the turning-points, for war, in Emerson's phrase, acts as a chemical solvent upon society, setting all its particles in motion for new combinations; and as the last war brought the question of the *émigrés* to a head, so the Civil War brought it into existence. Before that time it was almost the rule for American writers to spend a few years travelling and studying in Europe; yet they were all as essentially rooted in their own soil as Thoreau himself, who scarcely set foot outside of Concord. Even Poe, detached as he was, and so much more like a continental European than a colonial American, seems to

<sup>1</sup> "Joanna Godden." Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00.

have been free from any nostalgia for the Old World. Then the war came, the soil was ploughed up, and the eastward movement began. The European peasants poured into America; the American writers and artists departed for Europe.

THEY really departed, they wanted to live on the other side. That was the new phenomenon; and I am not thinking only of Whistler and Henry James. There was Bret Harte, who never came back; there was Ambrose Bierce, who came back, but unwillingly, after ten years; there was Eugene Field, who set his heart on a "career in England"—a thing that could not have occurred even to N. P. Willis; there was Stephen Crane, who had his career in England and died there. It is not as if these were merely names chosen at random out of a long list of equally capable American writers. Aside from Eugene Field, and aside from Howells and one or two others, they were the most gifted men of their time; it is because of this that their emigration has a real significance. What is even more significant is that Mark Twain and William James, the most characteristically "American" minds of their period, repeatedly expressed a longing for Europe that was all but unknown to the generation before them: in the end Mark Twain lived abroad for many years, and we can see from William James's correspondence how difficult it always was for the latter to acclimatize himself in his own country when he came back from one of his European years. Here we have one of the important changes that had taken place since the first half of the century: those who accuse the present generation of lacking roots occasionally forget that the process of deracination has been going on ever since the Civil War.

WHAT the war did, of course, was to destroy the living fabric of a small, provisional but none the less homogeneous "national culture." The homing instinct of those earlier writers—even Poe—proves how tough it was; they wandered all over the world, but it never occurred to any of them not to bring his spoils back to America; cramped as they may have been, they took it for granted that this was simply the human lot, and a "career in England" would have seemed to them almost as fantastic a notion as a career in the island of Guam. But that was their good fortune; two centuries had gone to the making of a situation that enabled them to become genuine *voices populi*; thanks to this their work has to-day a certain monumental quality and they are spoken of as the American classics. With the chaos of the war everything changed. American life had ceased to be a fabric and it had lost its own centre; London became the centre again as it had been before the Revolution. The American writer no longer expressed a people—there was no longer a people, in the old sense, to express; he had become simply an individual, an individual who was suddenly aware that he was also a provincial. Moreover, as the country had lost its own characteristic culture it had lost the feeling for individuality, with the result that the human spirit itself had an insufficient scope here. It was then that the emigration began; and thus it has continued down to the present day.

It will be a long time before we see any radical change in this situation. There are so many disparate elements in American life to-day that we can not expect them to shake together in our generation or the next. The deliberate efforts that we have witnessed to frame an "American culture," the conscious attempts at an autochthonous expression prove that neither the one nor the other has yet appeared on the hand of God; if our civilization had a real coherence we should not see any very general desire to escape from it. On the other hand, this emigration has been going on for so long now that we can see it more or less in perspective; we can almost judge of its results. Twenty or thirty years ago there was a great controversy in France over the ques-

tion of the *déracinés*, and it sufficiently marks the unconsciousness of our own intellectual life that this controversy had no reverberations in a land where the *déraciné* is almost the normal type. But better late than never; we shall come round to it some day.

GENERALLY speaking, the results of this emigration, this *déracinement*, have been far from satisfying. There was a young American novelist named Wolcott Balestier who went to England in the 'nineties and fell in love with some mouldy old chambers in Westminster; they were so picturesque that he could not give them up, and thanks to this he caught typhoid fever and died there. The story is, I think, symbolic; oddly enough, Stephen Crane perished as the result of a similar infatuation, and Eugene Field as well—both of these amiable infants nursed their tuberculosis in the dank air of historic manor-houses or what-not, from which nothing in heaven or earth had the power to dislodge them. But not to dwell on these lugubrious literalities, is it not true that most of the writers who have leaped from the American frying-pan have simply landed in a European fire? The controversy over the *déracinés* in France chiefly dealt with the question of a metropolitan as distinguished from a provincial life, the question of general as distinguished from local influences. To-day there are scarcely two sides to that question: how is it possible for any writer to see enough of the world? But there usually comes a time when a foreign country ceases to be a stimulus to the perceptions and its life becomes a matter of course; and then, vastly more agreeable as it may be to live in, it really has nothing more to yield to the visiting mind. America offers no irresistible attraction to its own writers, and so they drift away from it: but the question as to where they are to live resolves itself sooner or later into a mere matter of comfort. Then it must often appear—if we are to trust the signs, it almost invariably appears—that they have more to gain by coming back than by staying away.

THERE are no exact precedents for these typical American phenomena. We can only say that it is the rarest thing for the writers of other countries to expatriate themselves permanently without a special reason. Heine was obliged to leave Germany; Turgenev lived in Paris almost solely, as it appears, because Madame Viardot lived there—he repeatedly said that otherwise he got nothing out of it and he went back to Russia every summer for a "strengthening bath"; Dostoevsky was actually afraid of Europe because it made him "less Russian"; Victor Hugo re-entered France within twenty-four hours of the proclamation of the Third Republic; Strindberg haunted a Stockholm that ignored him; Nietzsche took pains never to lose touch with the Germans who provided him with a perpetual reason for being a good European himself. What instinct of self-preservation dominated these men? Almost all of them were more comfortable and better amused abroad than at home. Evidently their own countries gave them something which foreign countries could not give; and the fate of many of the American *émigrés* seems to indicate that even when one's own country gives one very little one gains still less by leaving it. That was what the Russian "wanderers" discovered in the days of Pushkin; and it was after they discovered it that Russian literature really came into existence.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Birthright," by T. S. Stribling. New York: The Century Company. \$1.90.

"Anthology of Irish Verse," edited with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

"Heavens," by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$1.75.

"The Drama and the Stage," by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

THERE are certain letters whose publication might prove embarrassing to the writers, even if only their initials and the name of their town were given. Here is one from a judge on the other side of what a wag once termed "Smith and Wesson's line":

It gives me very great pleasure to hand you herewith my check for \$6.00 to cover another year's subscription to your excellent publication. If one subscriber is worth being thankful for I would suggest that you have to thank Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of Philadelphia, for putting me on the list as a subscriber. About a year ago he presented me with a year's subscription to the *Freeman*. Whether you owe him any thanks or not, I certainly do, and feel I am under lasting obligations to him for putting me on to what I regard as the best weekly in America.

AND this is from a lowly sergeant in the United States army:

I AM thankful that the *Freeman* is one of the good things of life, within the reach of a \$1 per day soldier.

**"Too good to be true."**

MAY I say that the *Freeman* is the rarest combination of radical economic interpretation and literary style. It seems too good to be true for a weekly paper.

W. Roxbury, Mass. A. H.

'Tis one to us—hick or bishop.

IN one of your February issues you boast of your distinguished readers varying from bishops to violinists. It seems they pay real money for the privilege of reading your stimulating sheet. Can a mere hick have the temerity to break into such distinguished company. Perhaps you will include a near farmer among your readers. Better send me the *Freeman* for a year that I may discover the effect of your efforts on a bucolic mind. It will be worth the enclosed six dollars.

Oswego, N. Y. R. P.

**"Too good to last."**

MAY I say in passing that the *Freeman* has become increasingly valuable to me. I am indebted to its editors for insight and information on problems of an economic and social nature otherwise unobtainable. I endeavour to read whatever liberal literature I can afford to obtain and strive to keep open-minded and tolerant. In this effort I am aided by the *Freeman's* bold and challenging opinions. I feared at first that this periodical would be among these ventures that are too good to last. I am delighted to see that you survive the barrage of reaction and fanaticism that overwhelmed us or nearly so. More power to you.

Racine, Wis.

J. L.

## As contemporaries see us.

NOWADAYS the column's the thing among newspaper features. There is a surprisingly good one in the *Miami* (Florida) *Herald*, signed "MSD." We have pleasure in quoting from it:

"We may, from time to time in this column, have given a certain amount of publicity to a weekly magazine called the *Freeman*. We may have done it unconsciously, more or less, because the *Freeman* has that effect on us. But if that praise has been inadvertent and unconscious we would like to make it quite conscious and extremely calculated this time just because the *Freeman* constantly gets better and better and we can not help ourselves. Of all the magazines of opinion that we know in this country the *Freeman* is the freest, and at the same time the soundest and most worth-while. Remember, we are doing this on purpose. Nor does the *Freeman* take itself so seriously as some others we could mention. Its gaiety, its flippancy, even when it is being tremendously wise and well-informed, is what particularly entralls us. Its editors know that panegyrics and contumely have their place, and they are adept in them; but even then, they realize that the world goes on somehow, anyhow, in spite of all of us. And that healthful and sane attitude is catching, even from one copy of the *Freeman*. Which we hereby, and quite without their knowing or caring, endorse."

MR. KEITH PRESTON, who adds to the pleasing variety of the literary page of the *Chicago Daily News*, writing of our series on "College Education," unbosoms himself thus:

"We have not seen, neither do we expect to see again, so acute, so unbiased and so urbane a discussion of the American university. This man has an Attic style—well dusted. And he tells the untarnished truth."

## "How Diplomats Make War." by FRANCIS NEILSON

OUR recent offer of this notable book in connexion with subscriptions proved one of the most popular that we ever made. A copy of the offer will be sent on request.

**Its appeal is universal.**

WHILE in St. Paul, Minn., recently I brought the *Freeman* to the attention of \_\_\_\_\_ and she writes me that she is buying it weekly and gaining many new ideas. It is quite possible Miss \_\_\_\_\_ may become a yearly subscriber.

Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ is a former employee of the Chicago Public Library and one of the few persons in this part of your Uncle Samuel's domain who appreciates the better kind of literature. For some months she has been reading the \_\_\_\_\_ (an excellent weekly) but when I brought the *Freeman* to her notice she promptly chose the greater evil. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ is a successful "dry-land" farmer. A man approximately sixty-five years of age, and decidedly intelligent although with nothing more than a primary-school education. Yet he has read the *Freeman* with interest (I loaned him two or three copies), and may become a regular subscriber.

The *Freeman* has my best wishes. It is doing educational work of a vital nature.

Custer, Mont. R. B. B.

**"How far that little candle throws his beams!"**

**ENGLAND**

THESE are hard times for many of us and 30/- is no small sum to pay out for an extra journal, but after reading specimen copies I feel that I must have others. If you will arrange for the *Freeman* to be sent on, I shall be grateful.

Keighley. F. S.

**SCOTLAND**

ON the recommendation of a friend I should like to subscribe to the *Freeman* for a term.

Carmyle, Glasgow. A. C.

**THE ANTIPODES**

I ENCLOSE money order for two pounds for renewal subscription to the *Freeman*. I am very glad I subscribed to the paper, for I like it very much. By reading it, I am able to follow American politics, and, what is better, to get a correct account of foreign affairs. The literary pages are very interesting; and even those articles (usually signed ones) with which I disagree, are well worth reading.

I fully agree with the editorial view of economics, and I find the tone and style of the paper most delightful.

E. B. Corowa, New South Wales.

IT occurs to me that probably my subscription to the *Freeman* is about due. I hope this renewal reaches you in time, for I should be extremely sorry to miss a single copy of your excellent journal. As an old reader and friend of the defunct *Public*, I have been delighted to find such sturdy battlers for fundamental democracy as Louis F. Post and Stoughton Cooley (formerly of that paper) figuring occasionally as contributors to the *Freeman*. Money order for 30/- enclosed herewith.

W. F. B. Bendigo, Victoria, Australia.